

10 SMASH FEATURES

SEPT. 4-3-10

DAREDEVIL

"The Greatest Name in Comics"

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BIRO-



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DAREDEVIL

The Greatest Name in Comics

PRESENTS

1 DAREDEVIL

From his deadly brawling into the strange "Claw of the Hypnotic Bat"! and rescue from certain death a beauty-mazing beauty. A spine-chilling mystery laced with suspense.

Pages 1-13

2 NIGHTRO

When the awesome darkness of the dark found death without ever so much as a glint to the center of a French command station. The amazing story of "The Suicide Circle." One of the most hair-raising stories ever printed in a comic magazine.

Pages 14-18

3 TEEM

A numerous number of all time reads the ugly hood and casts its shadow of stark tragedy over the life of Harold Teem. Read how he turns his ill luck into a bountifully against world peace and wisdom.

Pages 19-23

4 LAW

World's worst villain battles a new diabolical scheme and brings into action the greatest battle of all time. Cunning vs. strategy, breath-taking excitement and sudden death. Don't miss this.

Pages 24-30

5 JIN

A world's most dashing under-cover agent, operating with cold-blooded secrecy sets the enemy's communication plan to prevent a deadly invasion. A war story that will hold you enthralled.

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6 PATRIOT

America's modern hero of Art needs all her war will courage to stamp out a flu epidemic. As she fights the dread disease she explodes a vast sabotage plot, becomes the heroine of the army.

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PATRIOTIC!

7 I SAW THE CLAW BATTLE DAREDEVIL

Pages 44-46

An outstanding story by one who saw and lived to tell of The Claw's destructive attack on New York City. A story well worth reading.

8 REAL AMERICAN No. 1

INDIANS!

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The braver Indian chief rides the night to save his beloved people. The cracked bones on the reservation get a full lesson from the champion of justice for an oppressed people.

9 WHIRLWIND

SPORTS!

Pages 54-60

If you want real two-fisted action swing into this tale, the fight of the century between Whirlwind and "Gargantua" master of the earth. As Whirlwind blazes his way to the top of the fight game he meets the hottest of big time fight promoters. Why?

10 DASH DILLON

Life at Hail University gets mighty exciting. Bucketers walked out on the Hail football game. Dash Dillon reverses a run which runs the gangsters out of town.

Pages 61-64

SEE INSIDE BIG \$100.00 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

No other magazine has all these features. DAREDEVIL gives you high adventure, breath-taking thrills, hair-raising exploits found in no other magazine.

EDITORS

Charles Bird

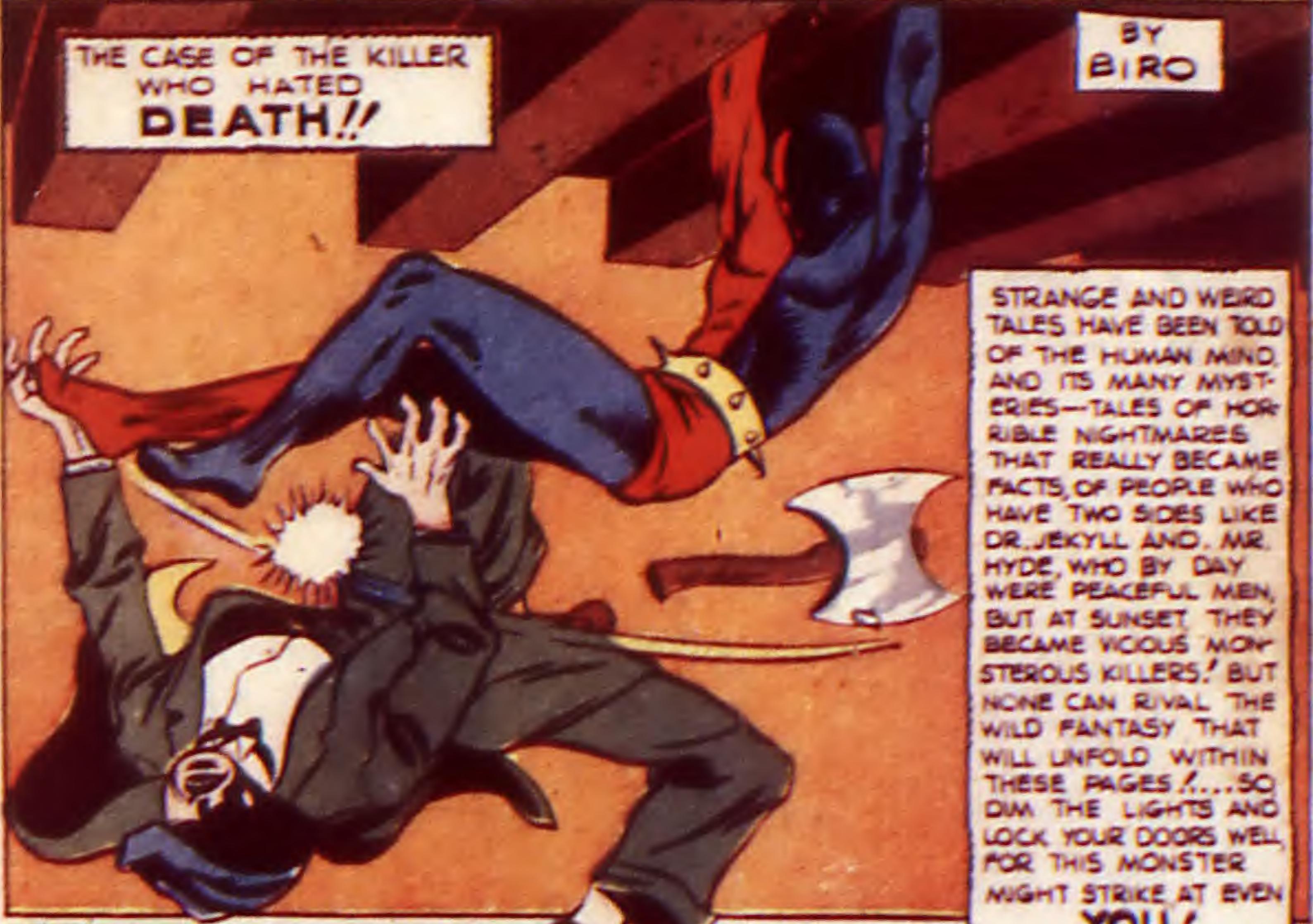
Bob Wood

DAREDEVIL

The Greatest Name in Comics

THE CASE OF THE KILLER
WHO HATED
DEATH!!

BY
BIRO



STRANGE AND WEIRD TALES HAVE BEEN TOLD OF THE HUMAN MIND, AND ITS MANY MYSTERIES—TALES OF HORRIBLE NIGHTMARES THAT REALLY BECAME FACTS, OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE TWO SIDES LIKE DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE, WHO BY DAY WERE PEACEFUL MEN, BUT AT SUNSET, THEY BECAME VICIOUS MONSTEROUS KILLERS! BUT NONE CAN RIVAL THE WILD FANTASY THAT WILL UNFOLD WITHIN THESE PAGES!...SO DIM THE LIGHTS AND LOCK YOUR DOORS WELL, FOR THIS MONSTER MIGHT STRIKE AT EVEN YOU!

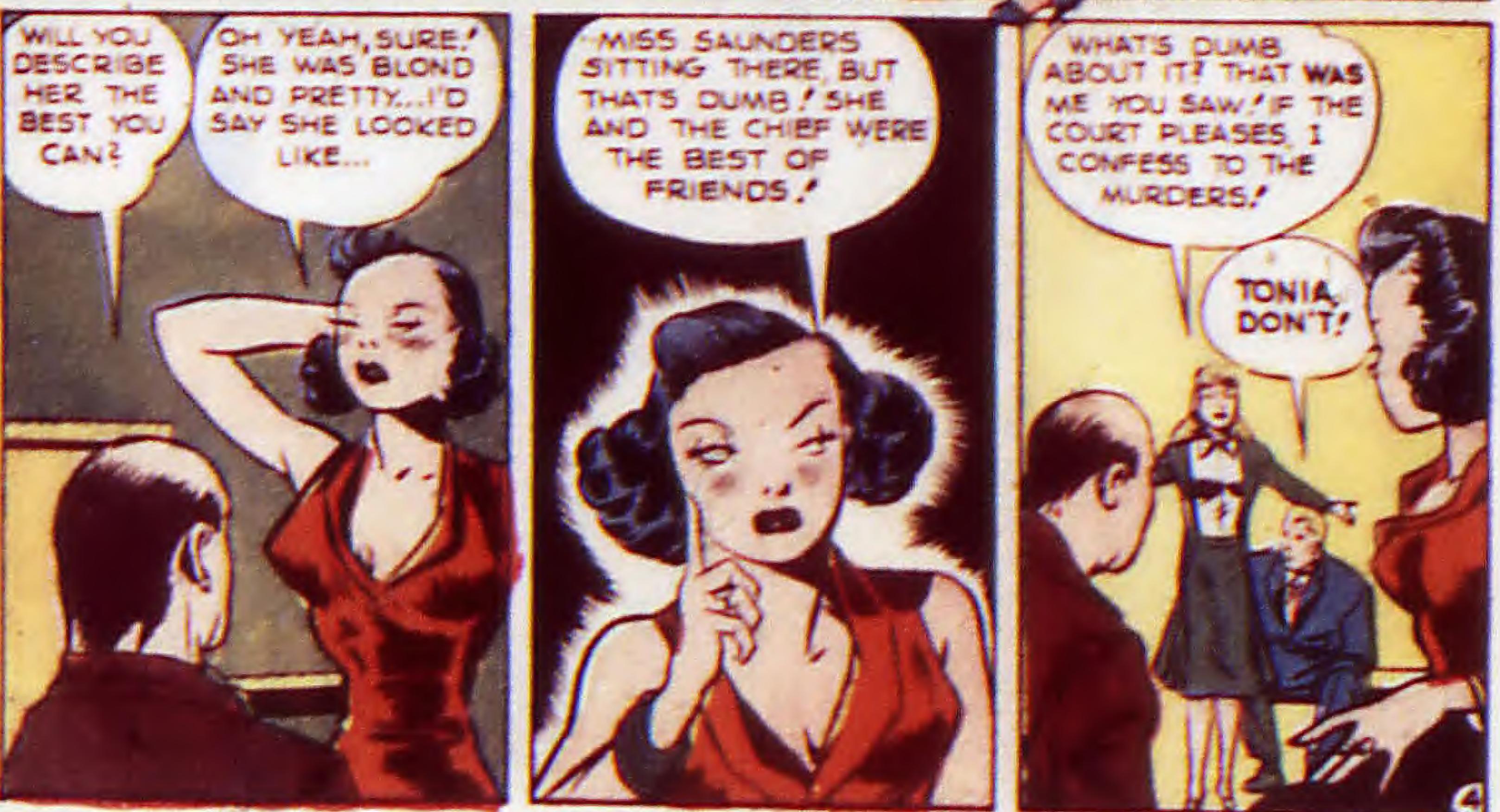
TONIA, COME IN! RATHER LATE FOR A SOCIAL CALL, SO I PRESUME IT'S IMPORTANT!

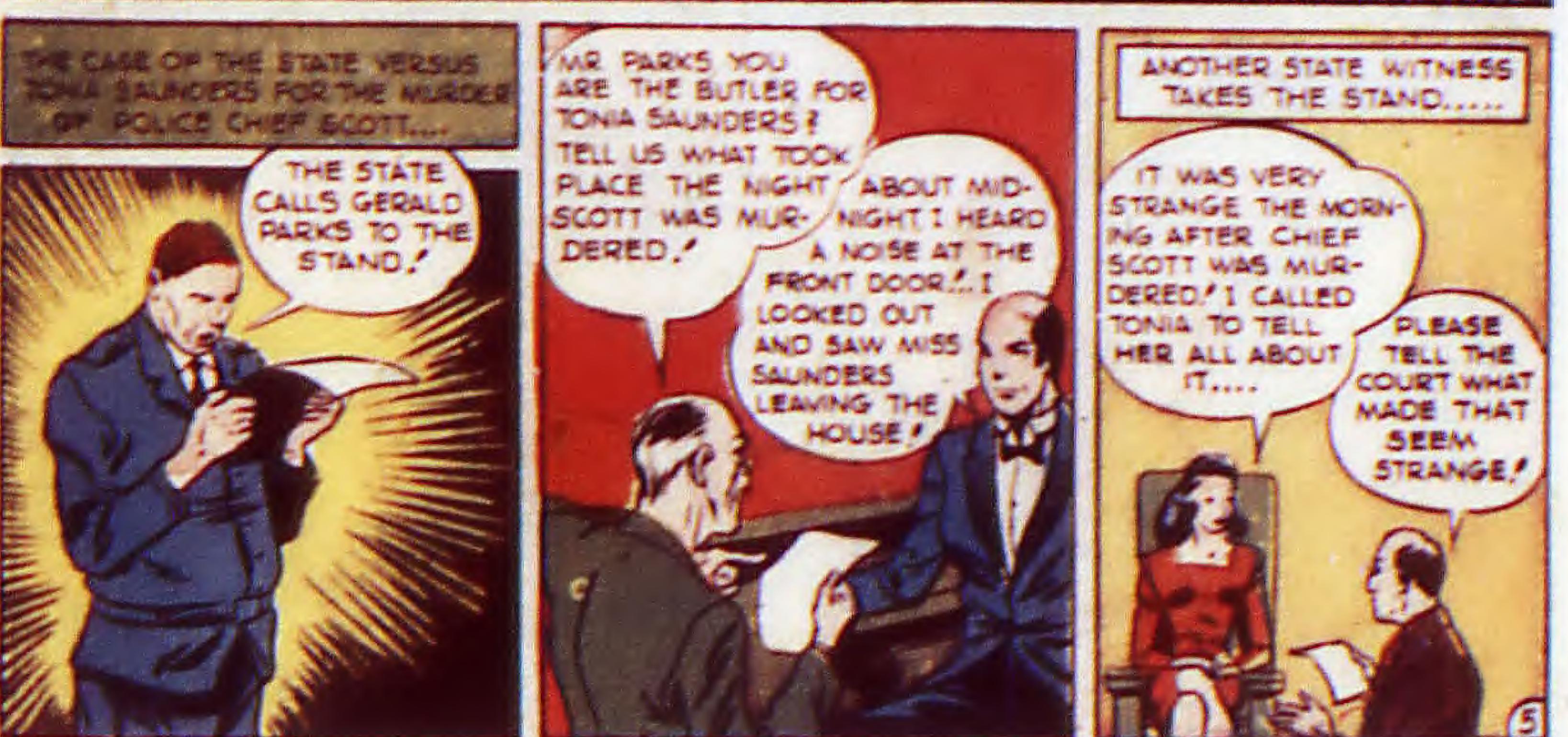
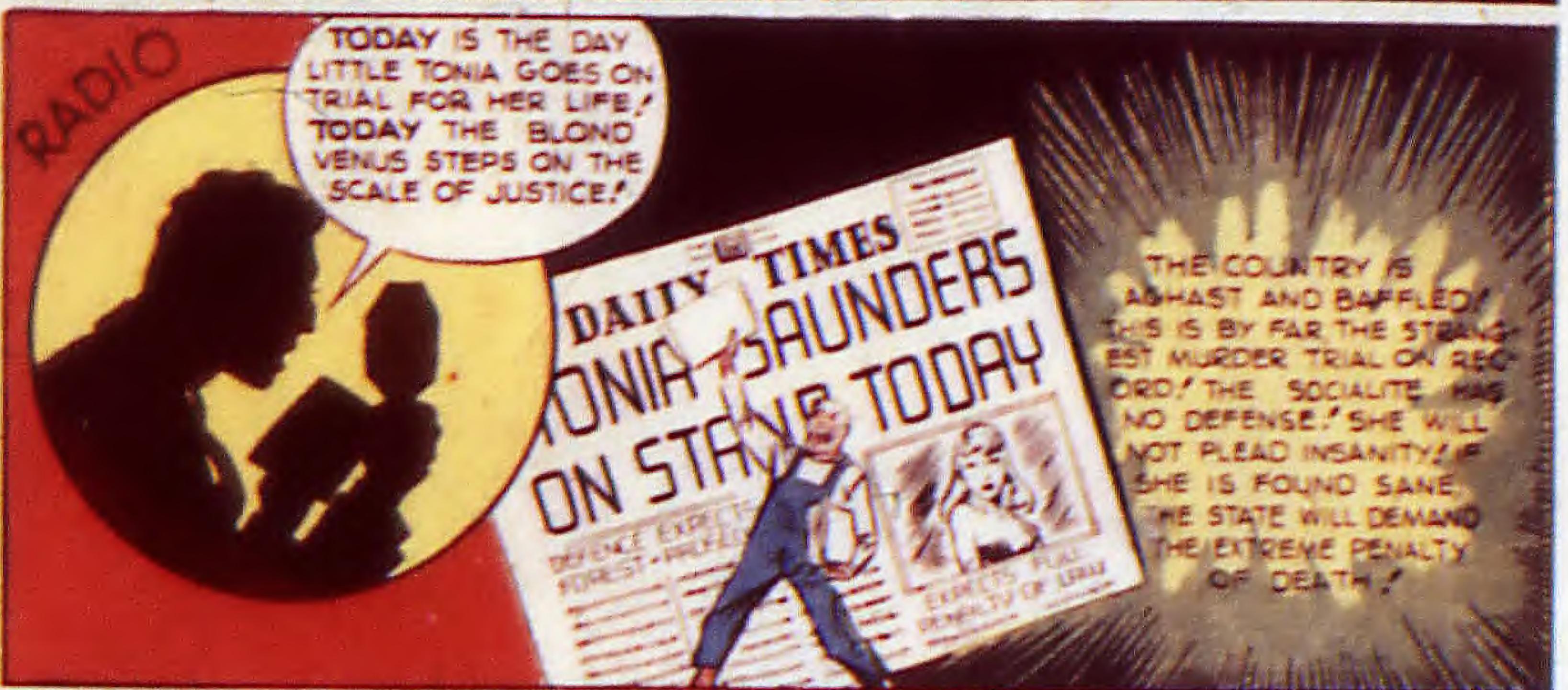
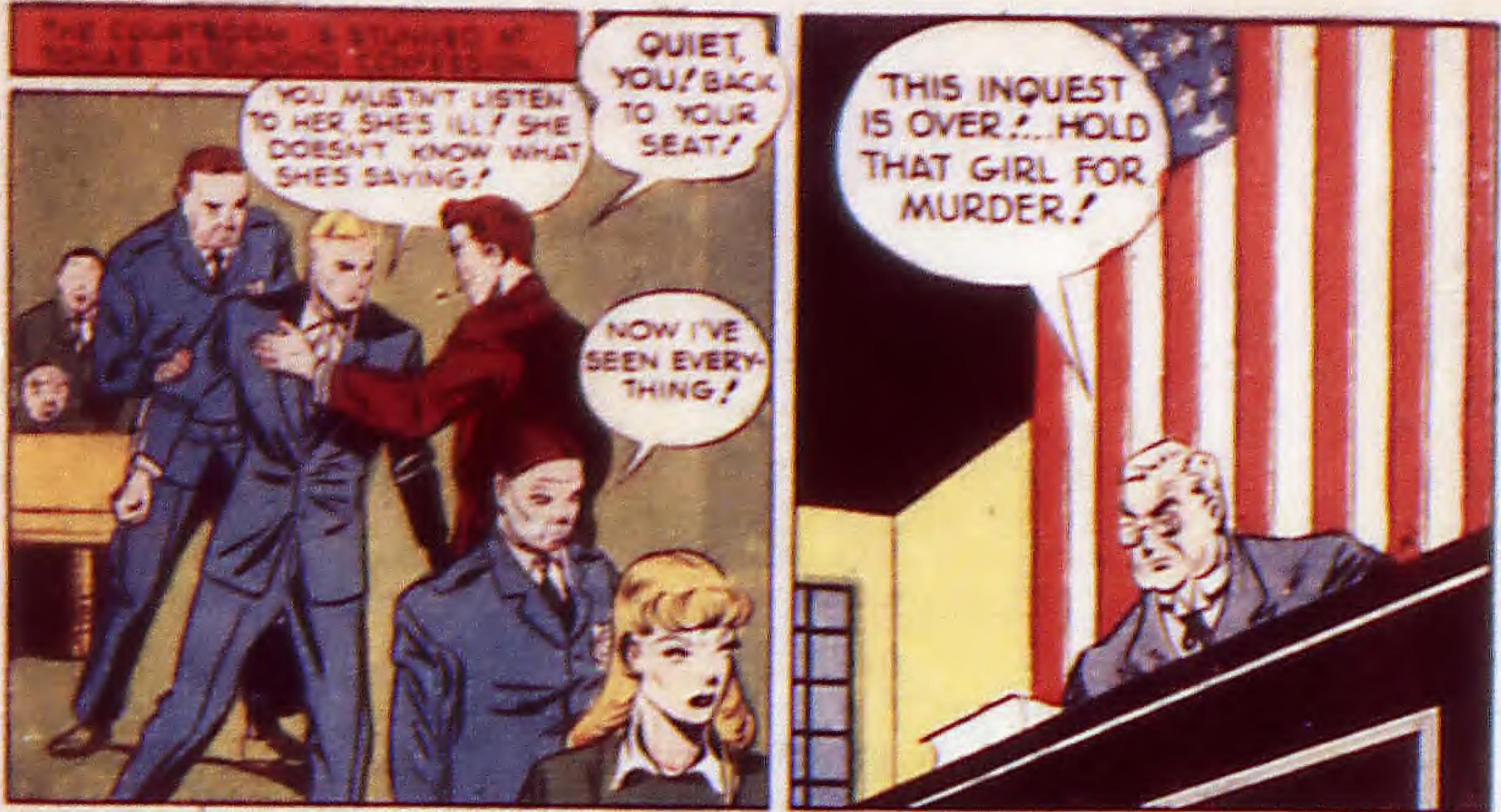
TONIA! CUT IT OUT! H. UGH...GLUG...UL...

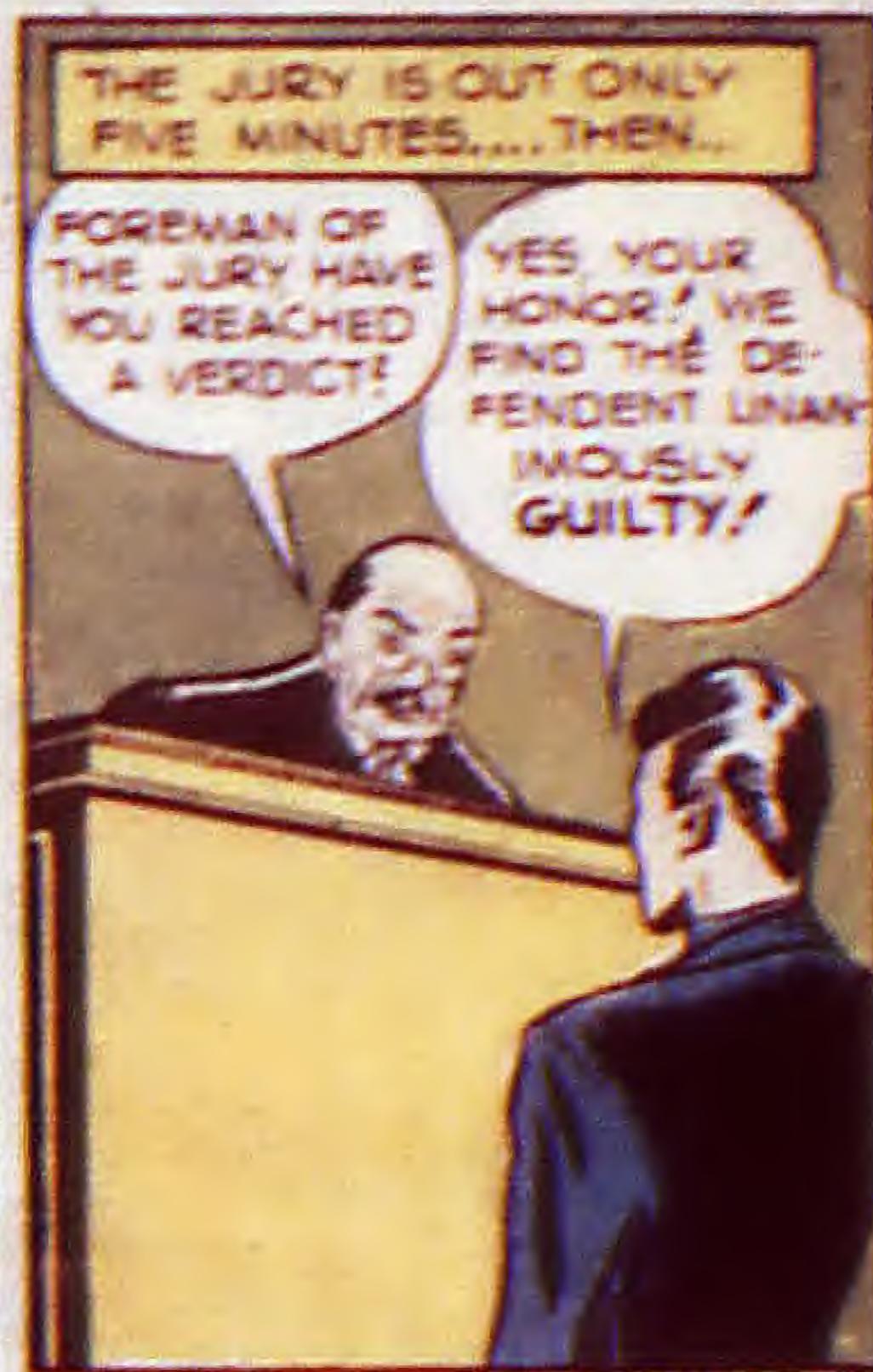
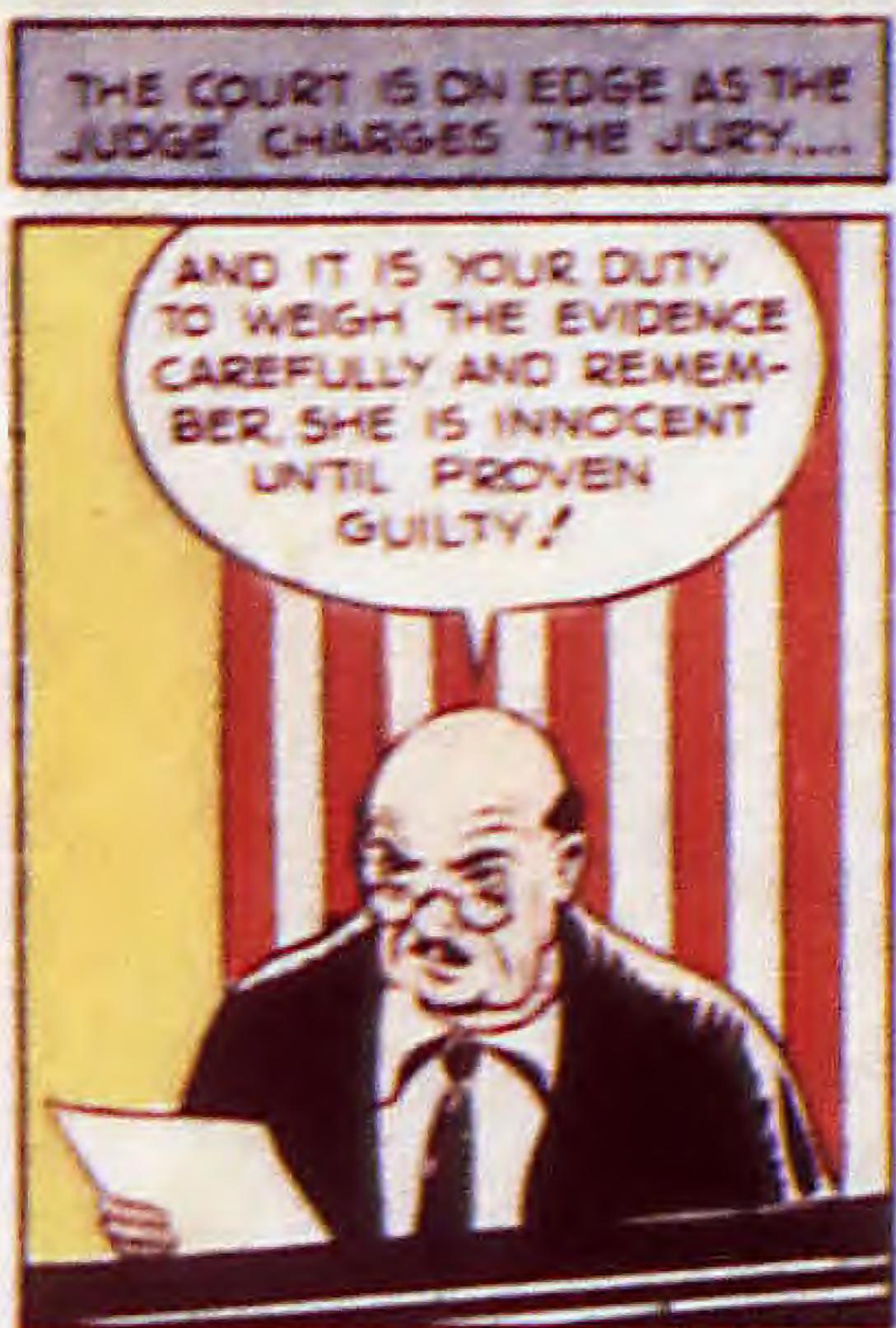
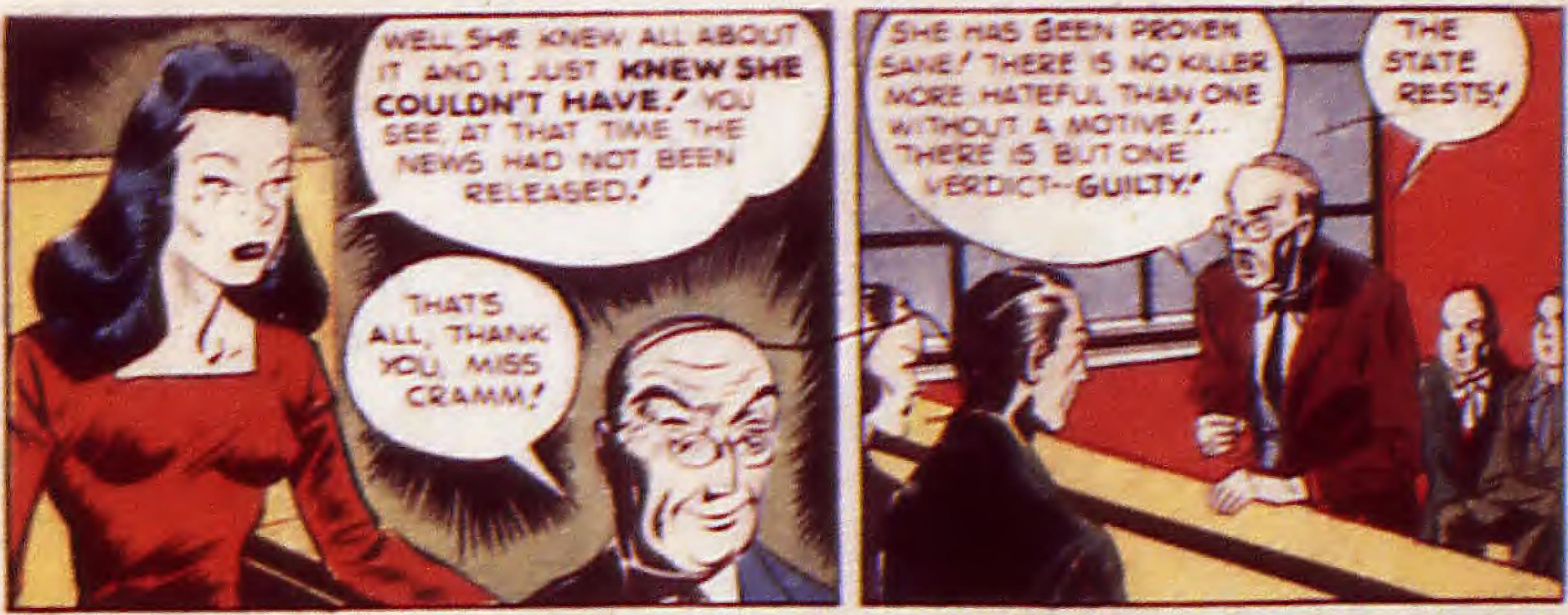


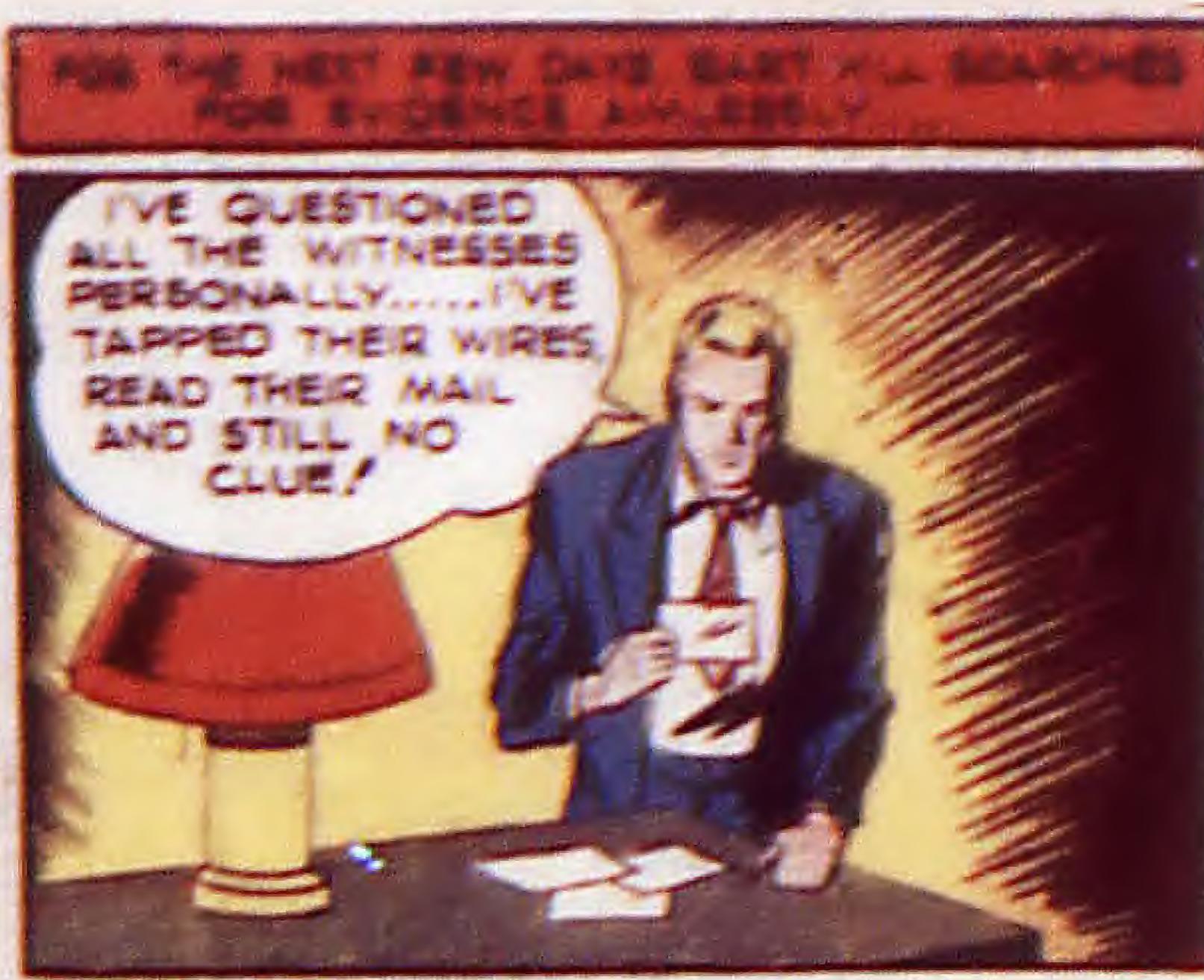




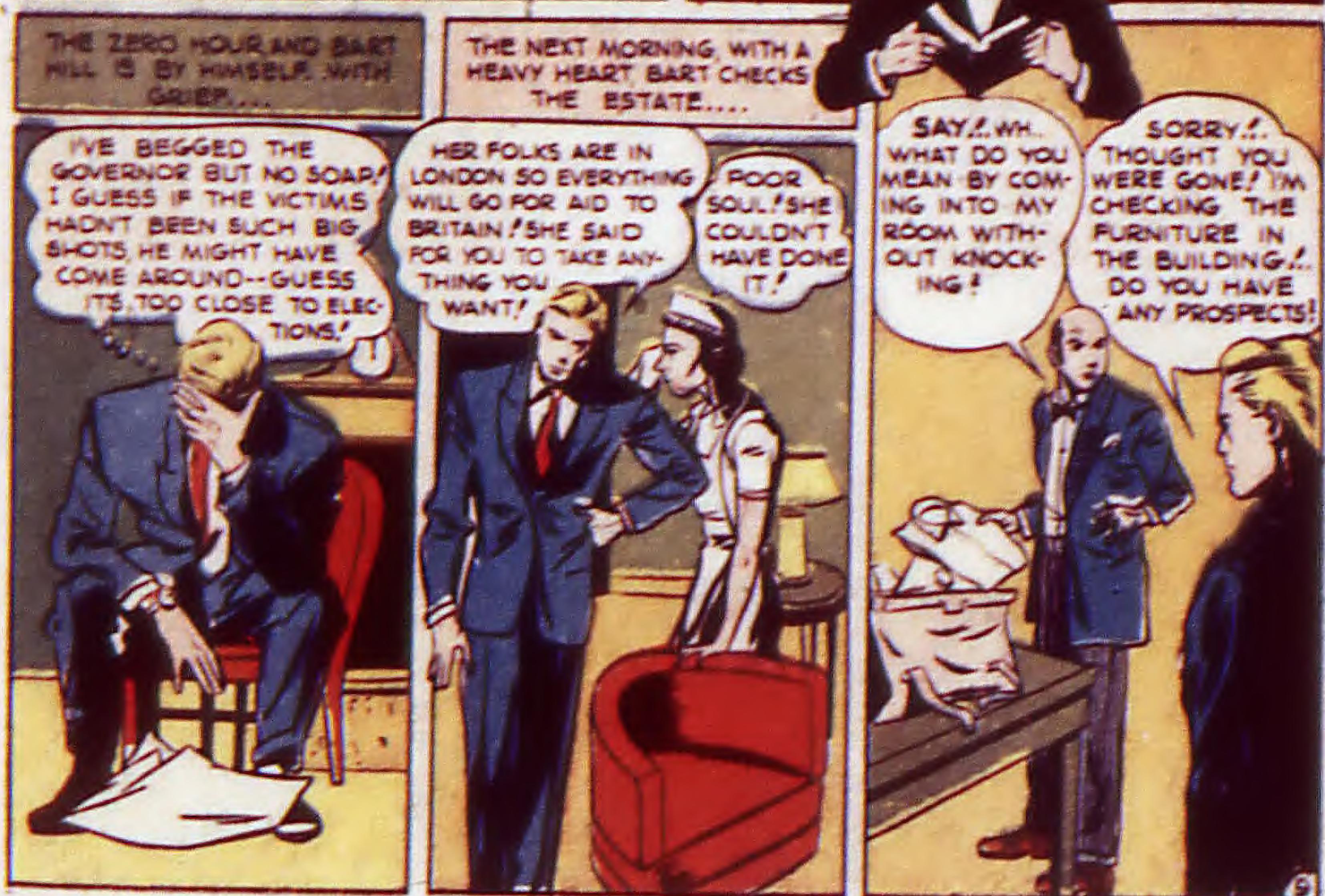
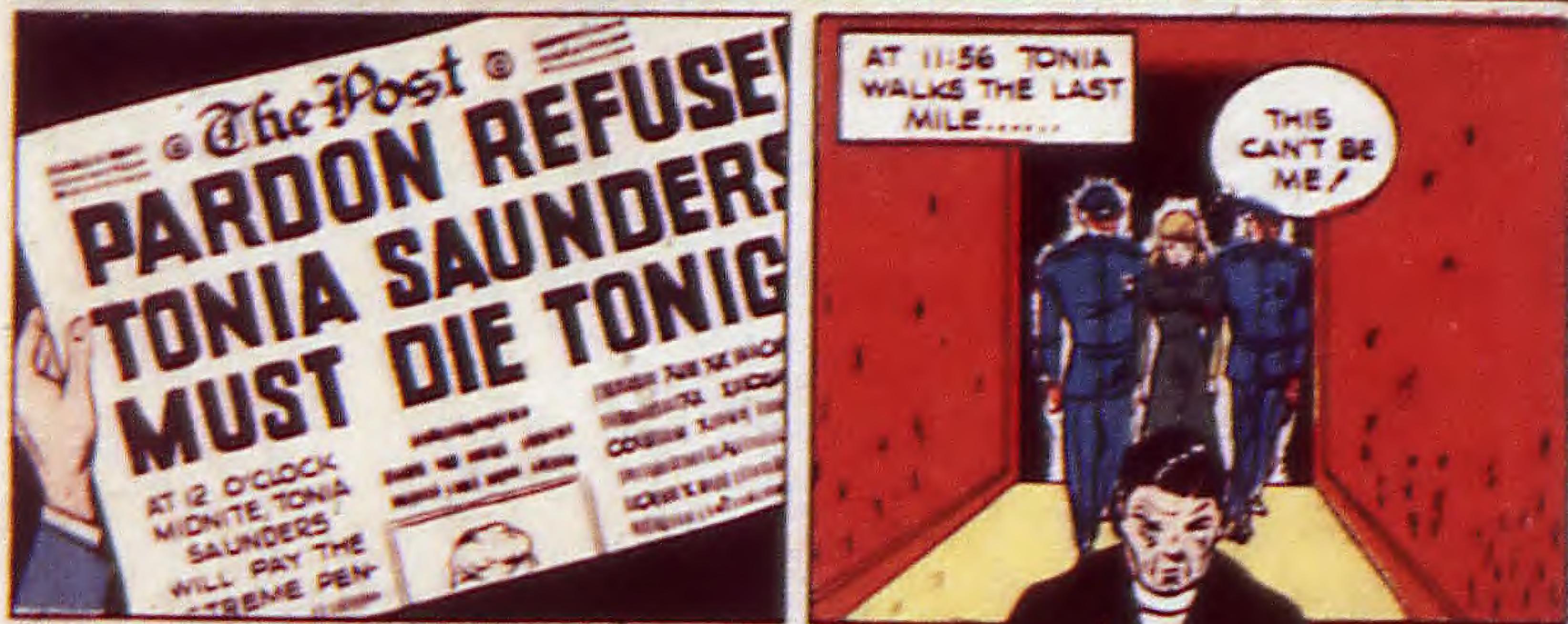


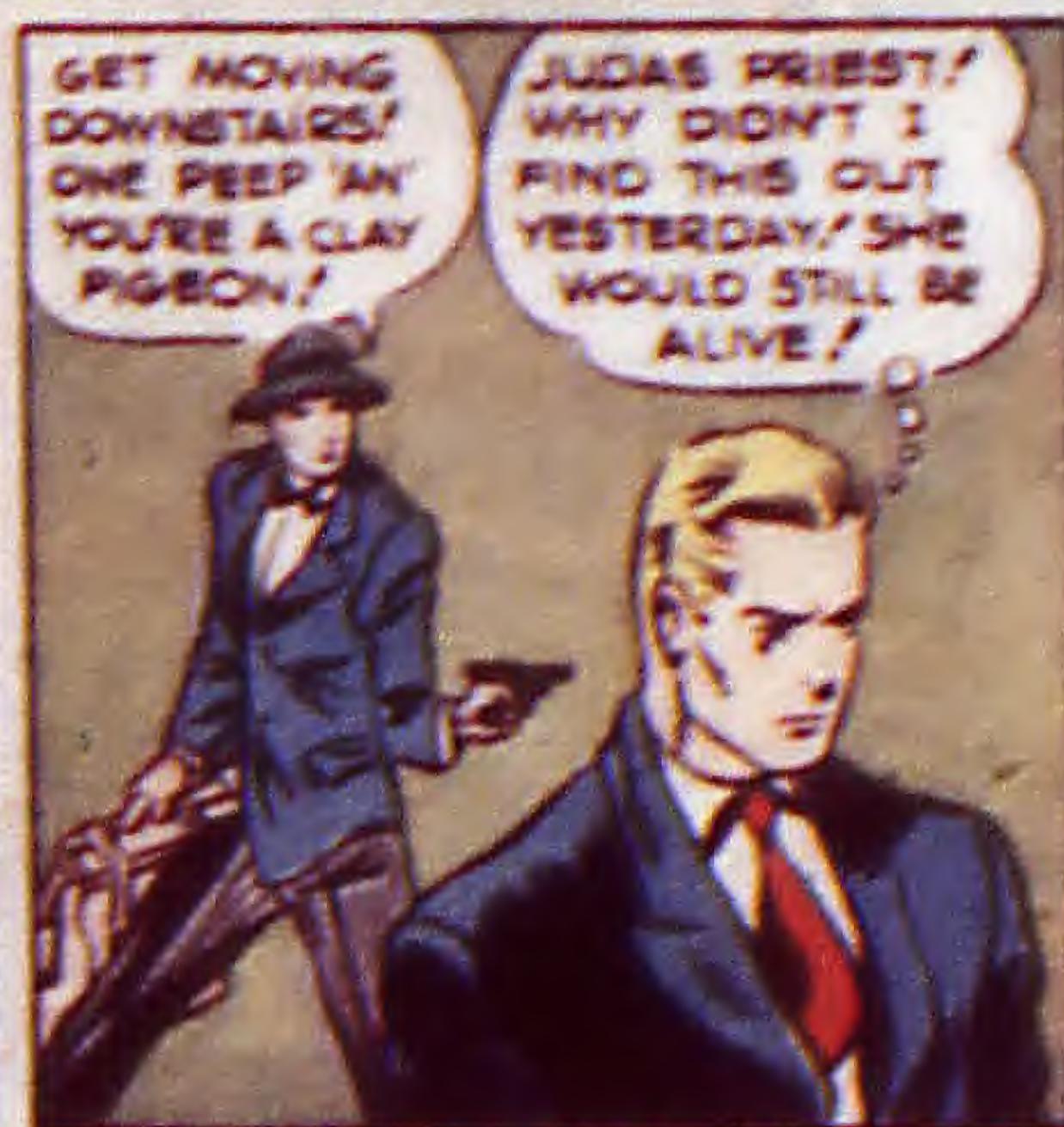


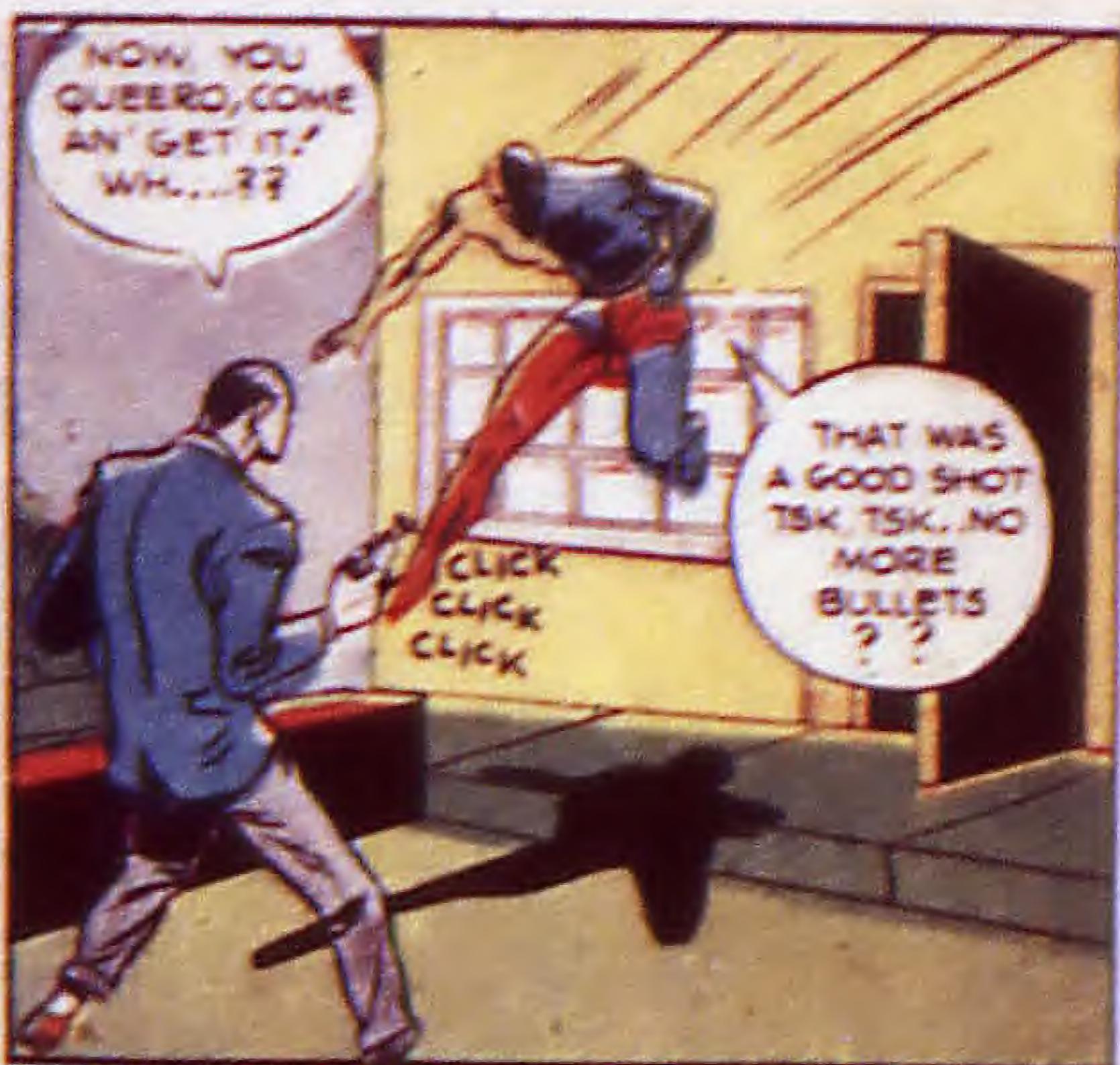


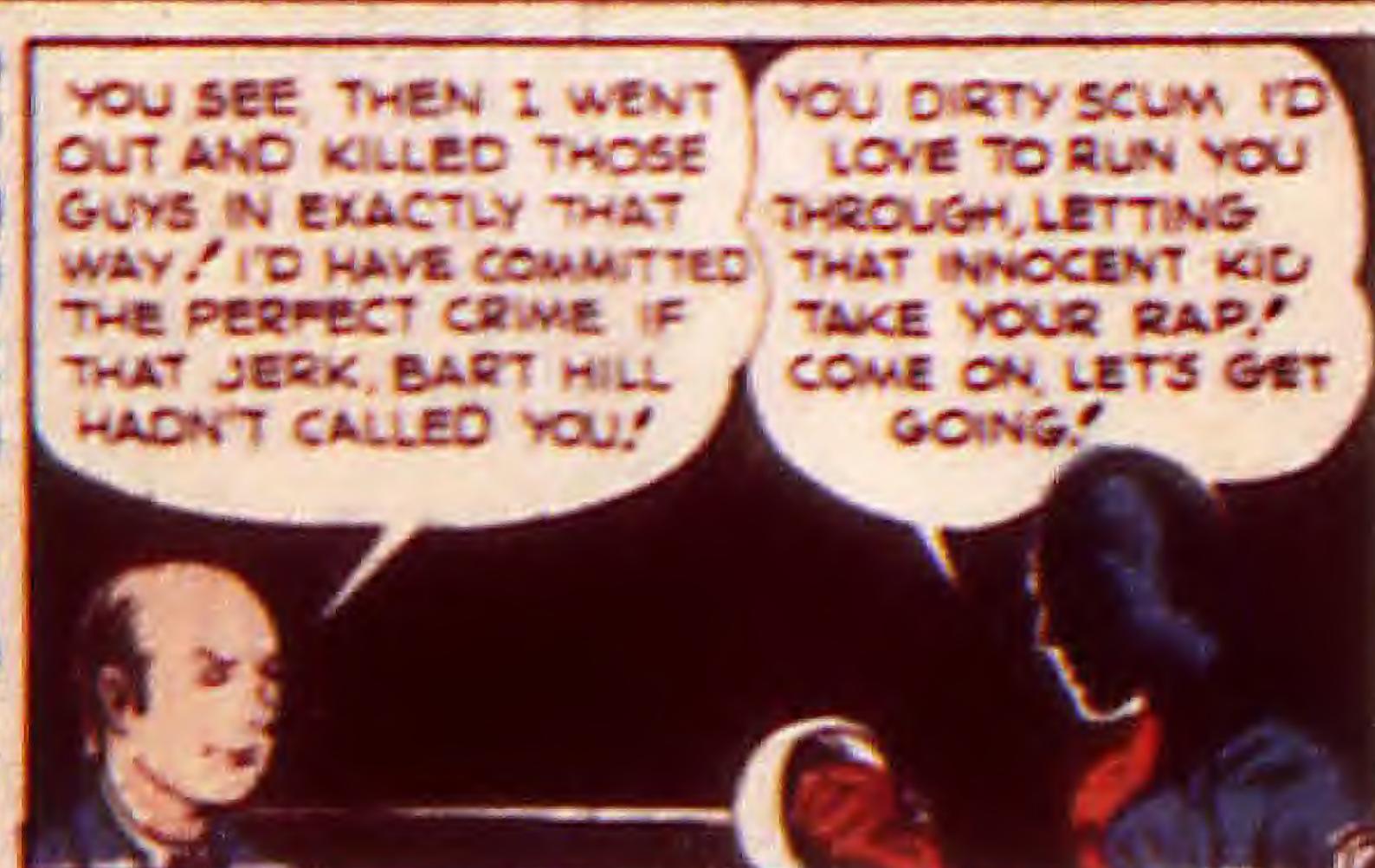
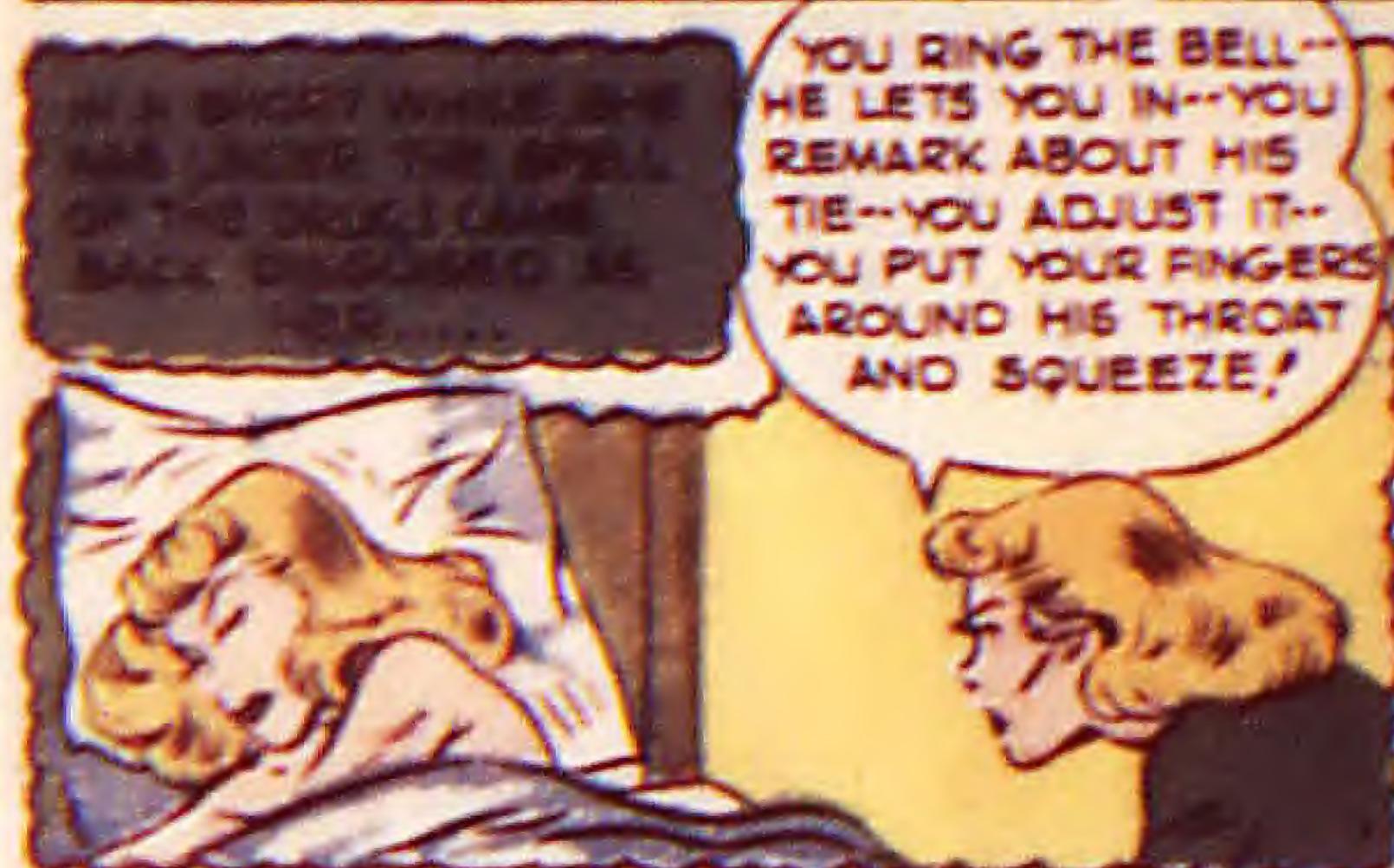
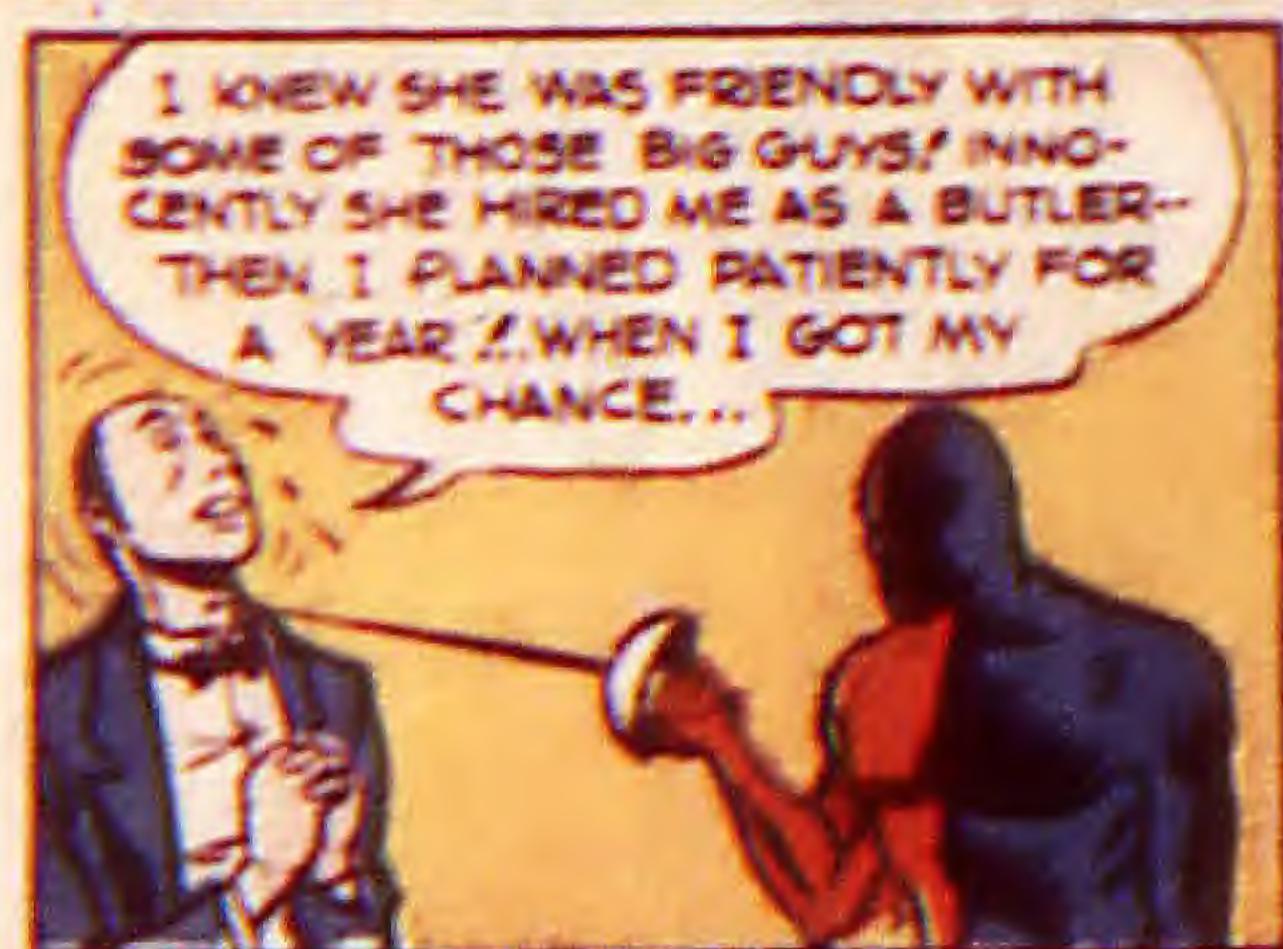
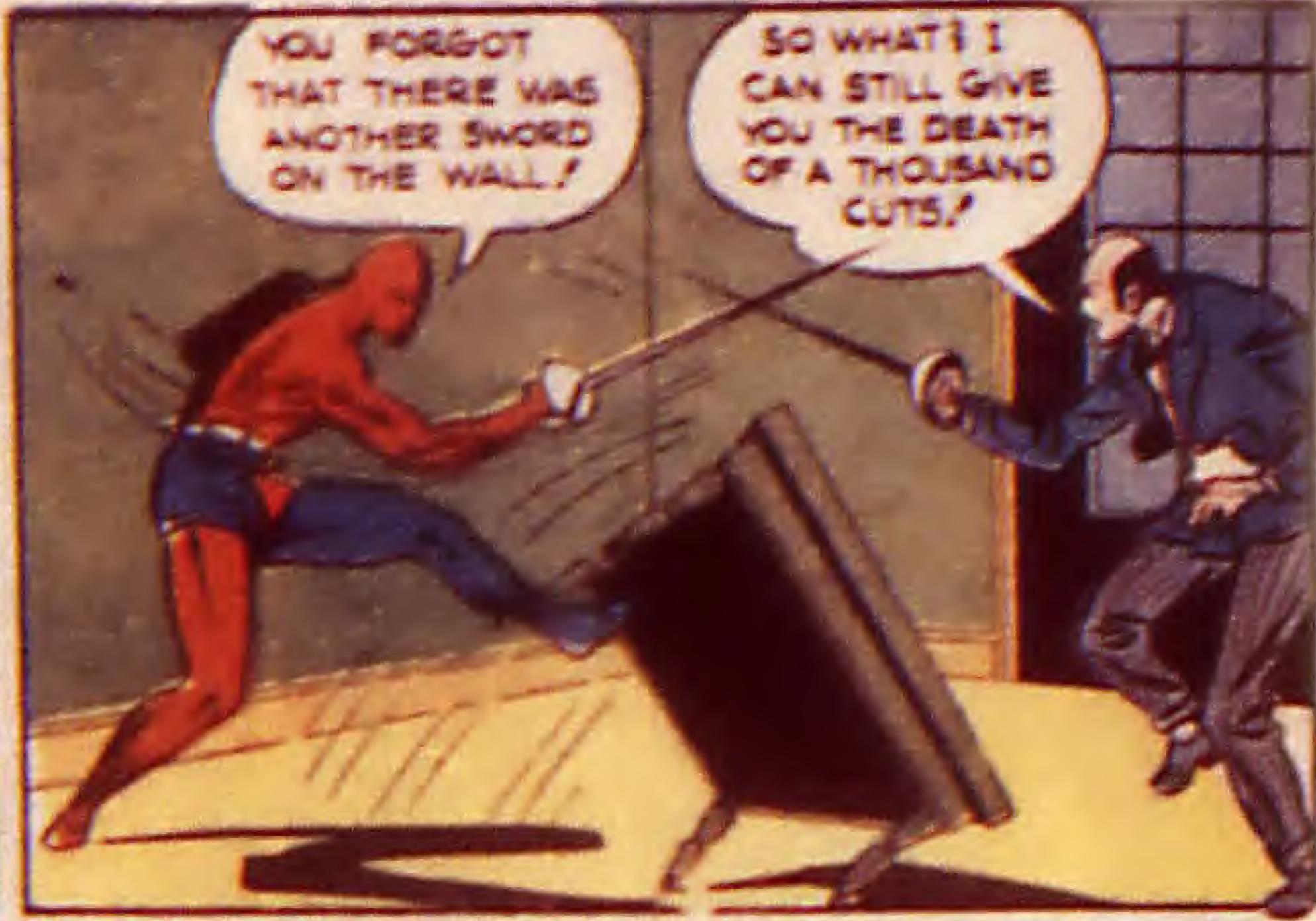












GREYWOOD HAS A DISTINGUISHED BUT A RAGING VISITOR IN GOVERNOR LARKIN...



IF YOU WANT MY RESIGNATION YOU CAN HAVE IT AS OF TODAY BUT I CAN'T BLAME THE EXECUTIONER, FOR I'D HAVE DONE THE SAME THING!

GET THIS, GOVERNOR, I'VE PULLED THE SWITCH ON A HUNDRED AN SIXTY ONE OF 'EM BUT I'D BE FRIED MYSELF BEFORE I'D HOT SEAT TONIA SAUNDERS!

ANYONE WITH AN OUNCE OF RESPECT FOR THE LAW WOULD HAVE PULLED THAT SWITCH! YOU'RE NO EXECUTIONER...JUST A KILLER WHO HATES DEATH! WHAT'S THAT COMMOTION?

HEARD YOU WERE HERE, GOVERNOR! I CAME TO TRADE YOU A LIVE TONIA SAUNDERS FOR THE DEAD ONE!

DAREDEVIL! HE'S GOT HER!

IT'S A ME A LITTLE THE WORSE FOR WEAR, BUT HERE'S HIS SIGNED CONFESSION!

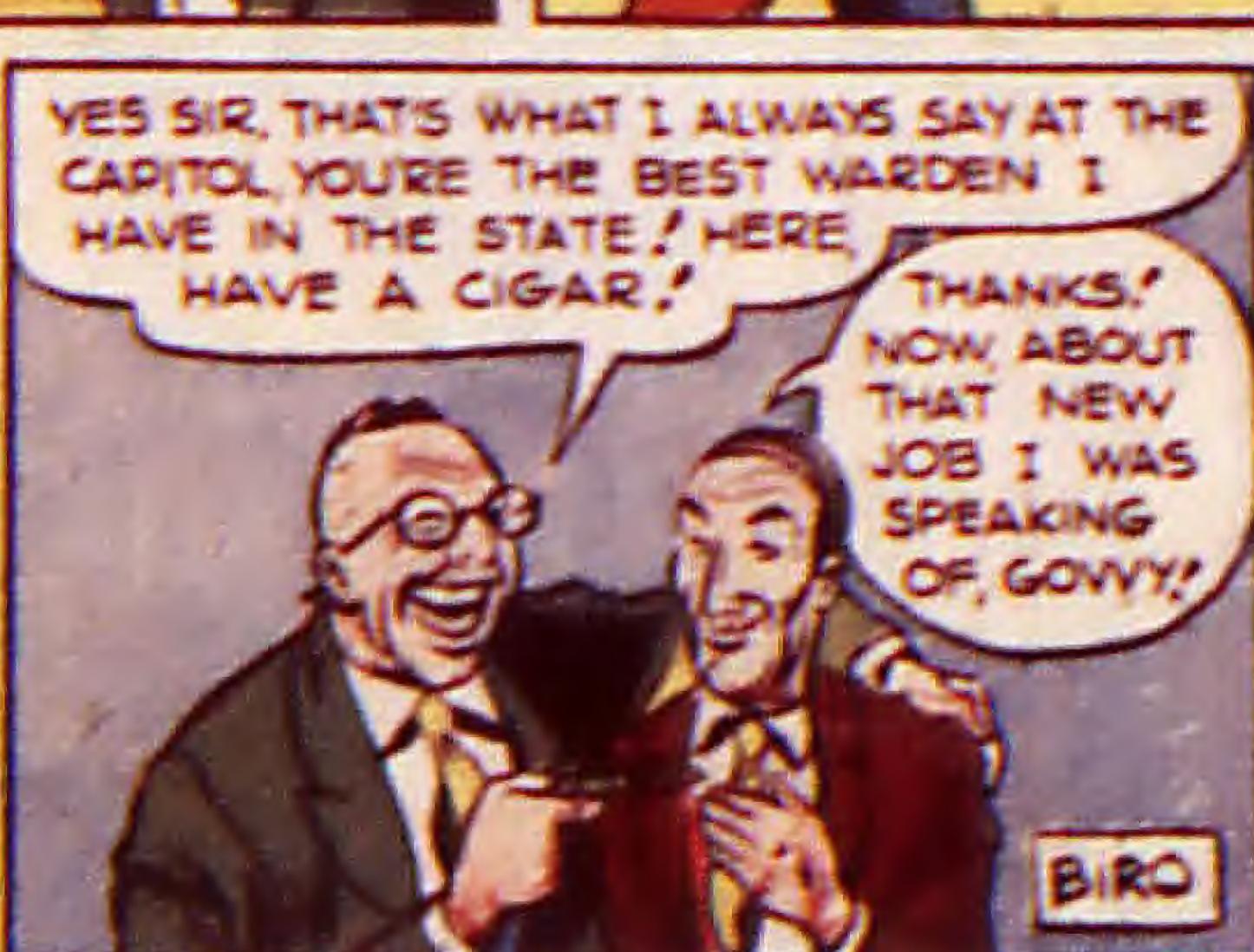


GOVERNOR, YOU'VE KILLED AN INNOCENT GIRL! THIS LITTLE DOCUMENT FINISHES YOU IN POLITICS!

YOU'RE WRONG, MY MAN. THAT LITTLE DOCUMENT WILL GET ME ANOTHER TERM! BRING IN THE DEAD TONIA, BOYS!

TONIA! YOU'RE ALIVE!

DAREDEVIL!



NEXT MONTH
DAREDEVIL
The Devil
of DEATH!

NIGHTERO

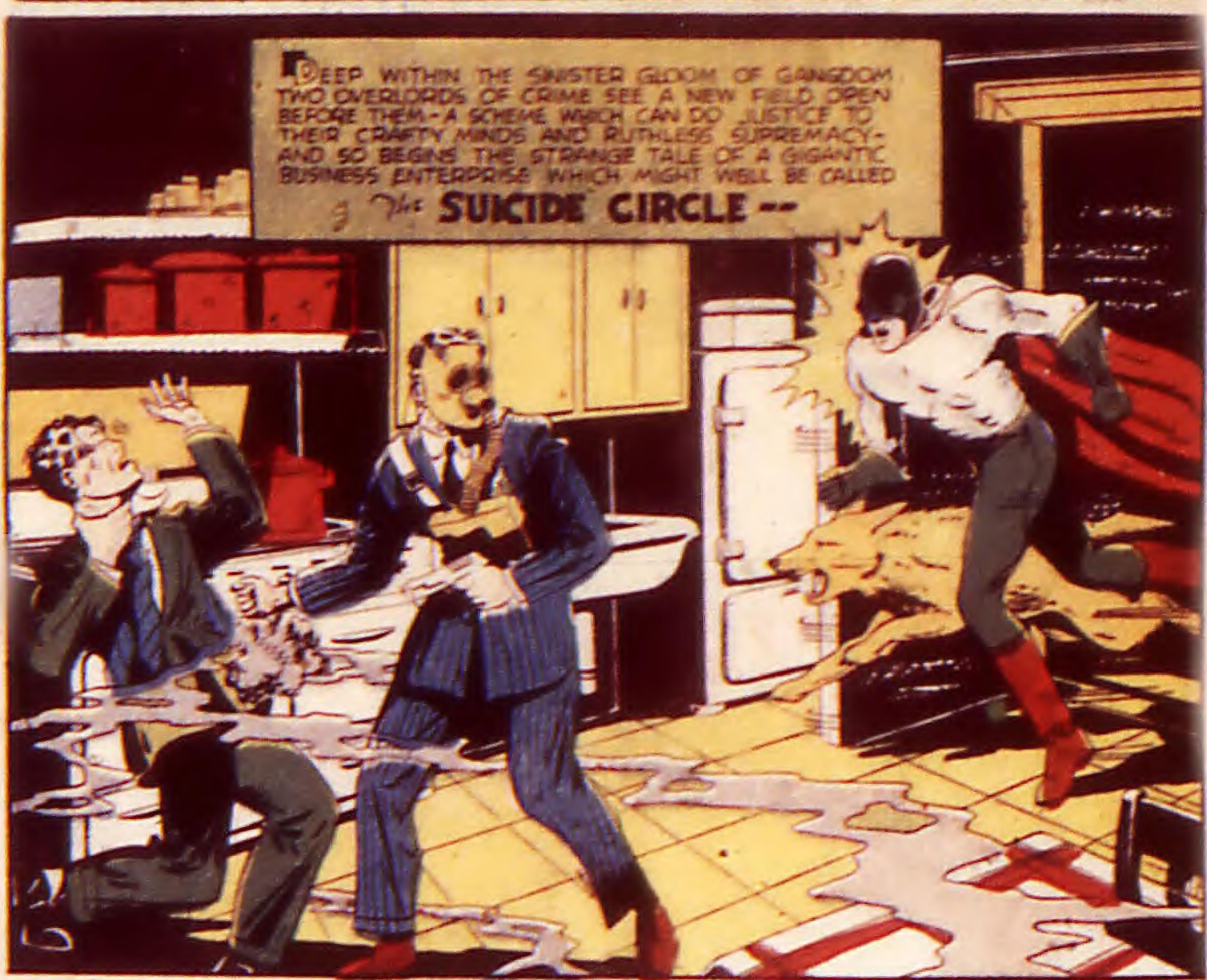
The Streamlined Robinhood -

BY
R. P. COOK



DEEP WITHIN THE SINISTER GLOOM OF GANGDOM TWO OVERLORDS OF CRIME SEE A NEW FIELD OPEN BEFORE THEM - A SCHEME WHICH CAN DO JUSTICE TO THEIR CRAFTY MINDS AND RUTHLESS SUPREMACY - AND SO BEGINS THE STRANGE TALE OF A GIANTIC BUSINESS ENTERPRISE WHICH MIGHT WELL BE CALLED

The SUICIDE CIRCLE --



IN THEIR DOWN TOWN OFFICE, CHRISTY SILVERA AND PETE POULOS, TWO OF THE CITY'S CLEVEREST, SLICKEST AND MOST UNSCRUPULOUS RACKET MEN, TALK -

IT'S A NATURAL I TELL YOU - LOOK AT THE HAND? NOT A RIDGE ON IT: I COULDN'T LEAVE A FINGERPRINT IN CEMENT!

ALRIGHT! SO YOU BURN YOUR HAND - SO THE DOC GRAFTS SOME SKIN ON IT - SO YA HAVEN'T A FINGER-PRINT - SO WHAT?



SO WHAT? DON'T YOU EVER READ THE PAPERS, DOPE - DOC DYKEMAN IS NO DUMB MEDICO - HE'S JUST INVENTED SOME NEW PROCESS FOR GRAFTING SKIN WHICH CAN BE SLAPPED ON THE FINGERS IN LESS THAN AN HOUR - WITH OUR NEW BUSINESS STARTING - JUST THINK WHAT THE BOYS COULD DO IF THEY DIDN'T HAVE FINGERPRINTS SAY-Y-

TO WORRY ABOUT!



AND SO AN IDEA IS BORN - AND FROM THAT IDEA SPRINGS A PROCESSION OF TRAGEDY WHICH OPENS ITS BLAZING BEGINNING THE VERY NEXT DAY --



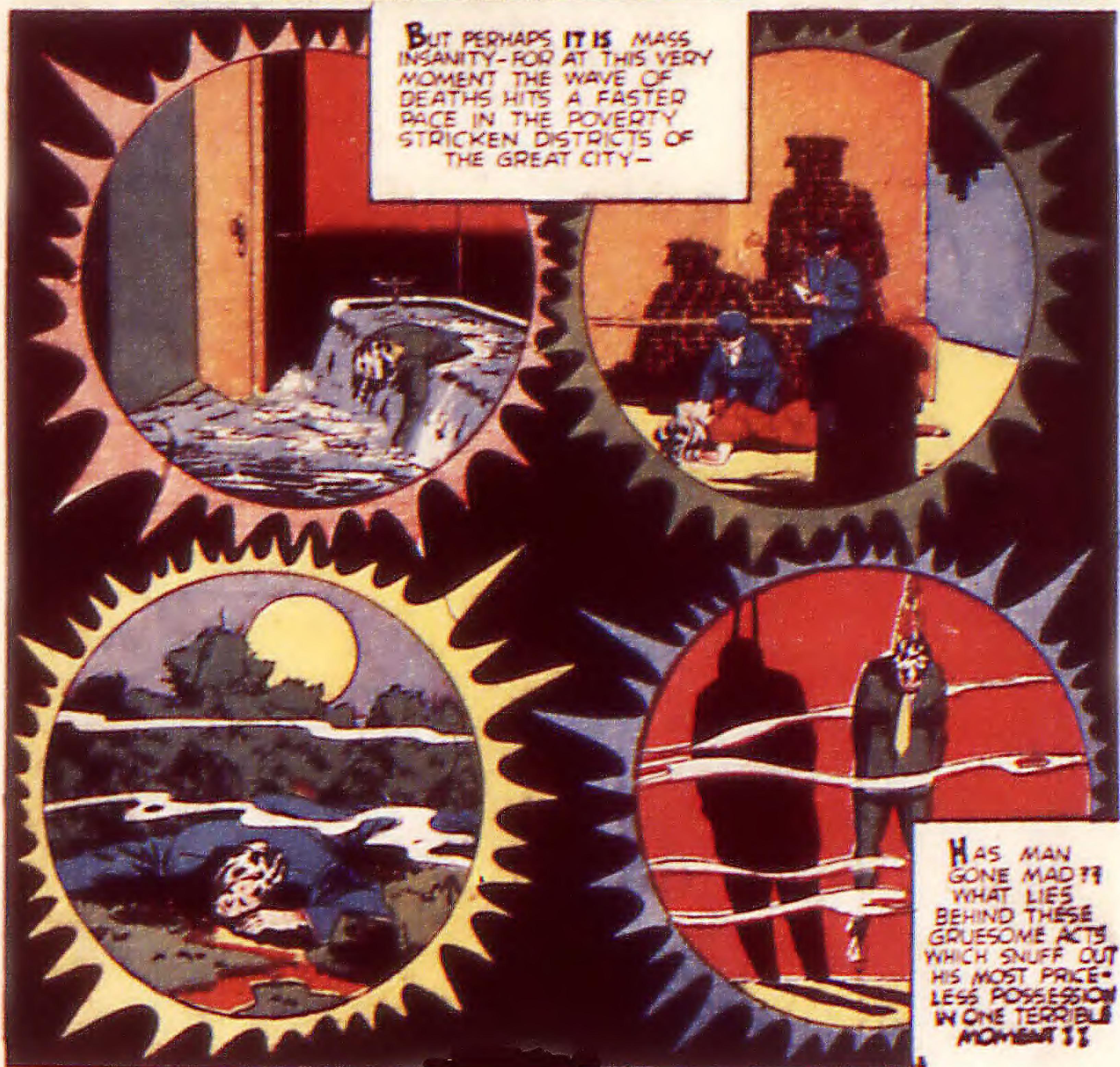
A
WEEK--
TWO
WEEKS
PASS--
STILL NO
WORD FROM
DR DYKEMAN
THEN
SUDDENLY
AUTHORITIES
FIND
THEMSELVES
FACING A
NEW AND
DANGEROUS
SITUATION--



LOOK AT THIS--
SUICIDE! SUICIDE! SUICIDE!
HAS EVERYONE GONE
WACKY? IS IT MASS
INSANITY OR SOMETHING?--
THE COUNTRY IN A BIG
DEFENSE BOOM, EVERYONE
MAKING MONEY HAND OVER
FIST - SO THEY START
LEAPING OUT WINDOWS--
TURNING ON GAS AND
SHOOTING
THEMSELVES--



BUT PERHAPS IT IS MASS
INSANITY - FOR AT THIS VERY
MOMENT THE WAVE OF
DEATHS HITS A FASTER
PACE IN THE POVERTY
STRICKEN DISTRICTS OF
THE GREAT CITY--



MEANWHILE, NIGHTRO LISTENS TO THE STARTLING REPORTS AT HIS HOME - HE YE WHICH IS ALONE IN DARKNESS - FOR AMAZING AS IT MAY SOUND WITHOUT HIS SPECIAL GLASSES, NIGHTRO CAN SEE ONLY IN THE DARK!

THE POLICE ARE UNABLE TO EXPLAIN THE SUDDEN WAVE OF SUICIDES WHICH HAVE BEEN OCCURRING FOR THE PAST FEW WEEKS -

Z HMM - PECULIAR - THIS RUN OF AMERICAN HARAK - AND THEY ALL SEEM TO CENTER AROUND THE TENEMENT DISTRICTS - THE PEOPLE THERE ARE THE LEAST LIKELY TO COMMIT SUICIDE - I THINK THIS SITUATION NEEDS LOOKING INTO!

WITH EYES PIERCING THE DARKNESS, NIGHTRO TUNES IN HIS SPECIAL SHORT WAVE POLICE RADIO

-- CALLING CAR 25 -- GO TO 429 STREET -- INVESTIGATE ANOTHER DEATH THERE --

THAT'S HITTING IT. COME ON, LET'S GO BLACKIE! IT'S ONLY FIVE BLOCKS AWAY!



THROUGH A SECRET EXIT IN HIS APARTMENT, THE BEСПECTACLED NEMESIS OF CRIME LEAVES WITH HIS SEEING EYE DOG TO MATCH WITS AGAINST THIS STRANGE WAVE OF SELF-DESTRUCTION -



WE'VE GOT TO BEAT THE POLICE THERE!

AND MINUTES LATER, RUSH UP THE STAIRS AT 42 STREET -



LOTS OF LIGHTS ON THE THIRD FLOOR MUST BE UP THERE!



W-WHAT D-DO YOU WANT?

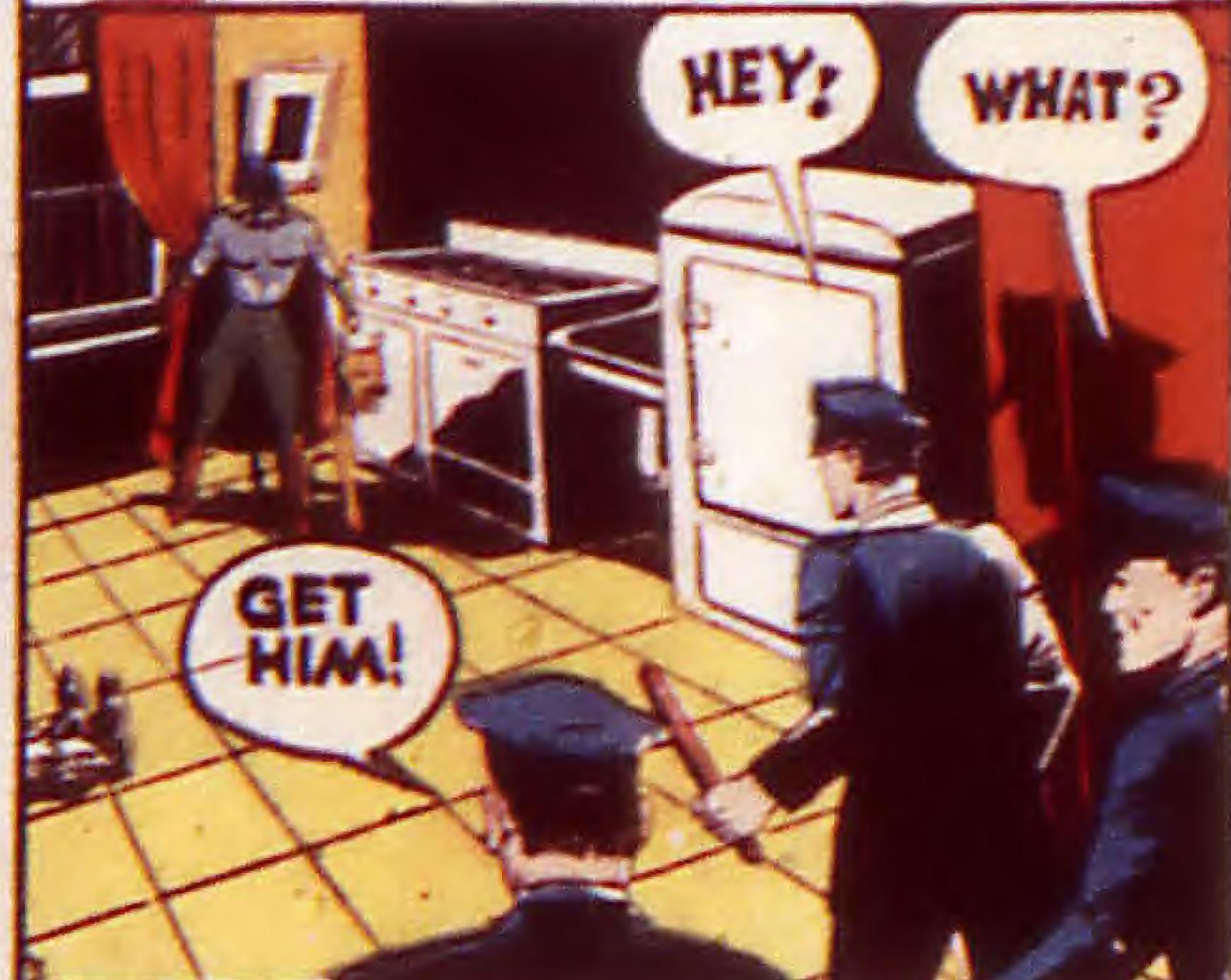
LIGHT GAS!

SORRY TO INTRUDE, FOLKS - BUT THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT ALL THESE SUICIDES AND I WANT TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THINGS - PERHAPS A FEW FINGERPRINTS WILL HELP ME!

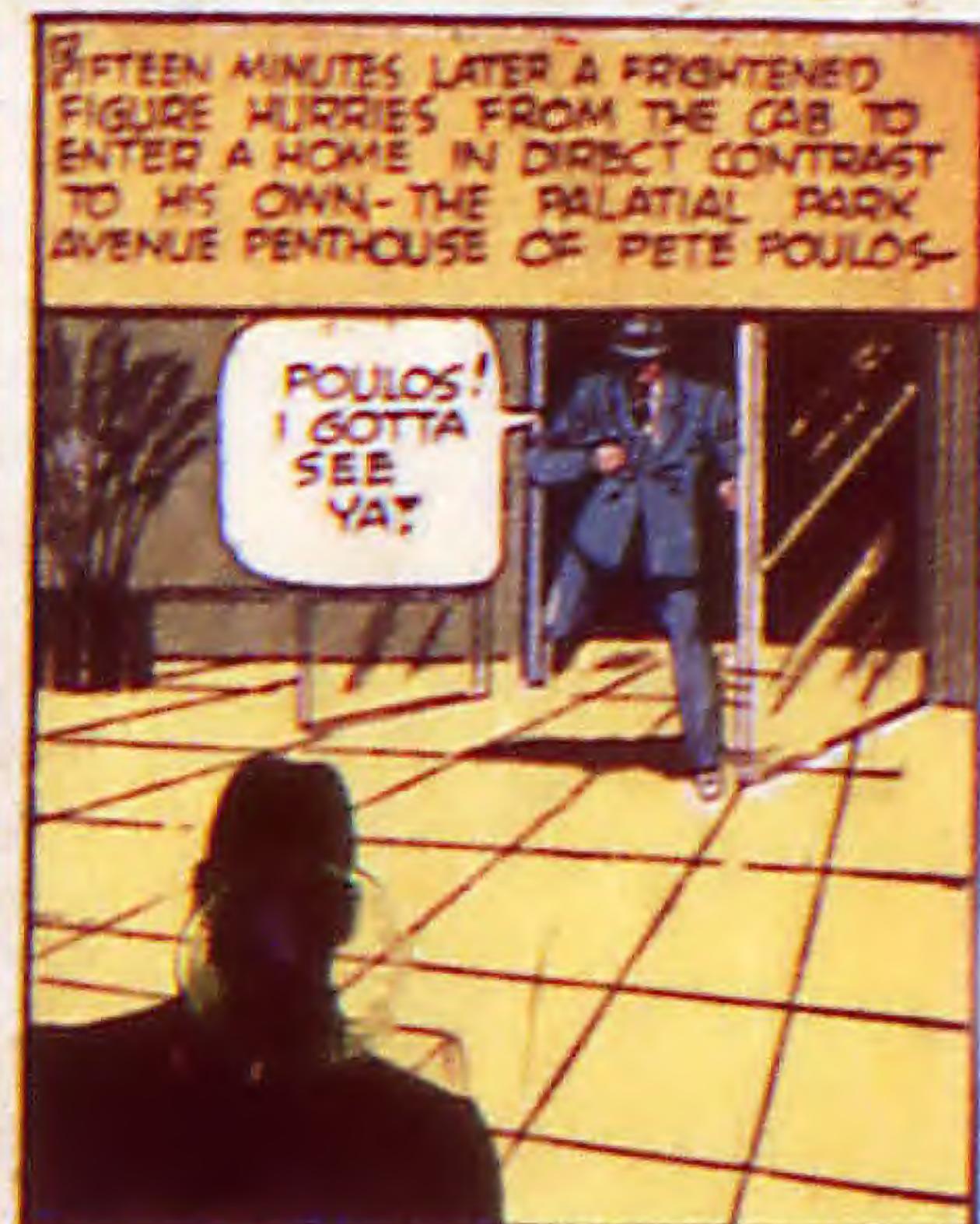
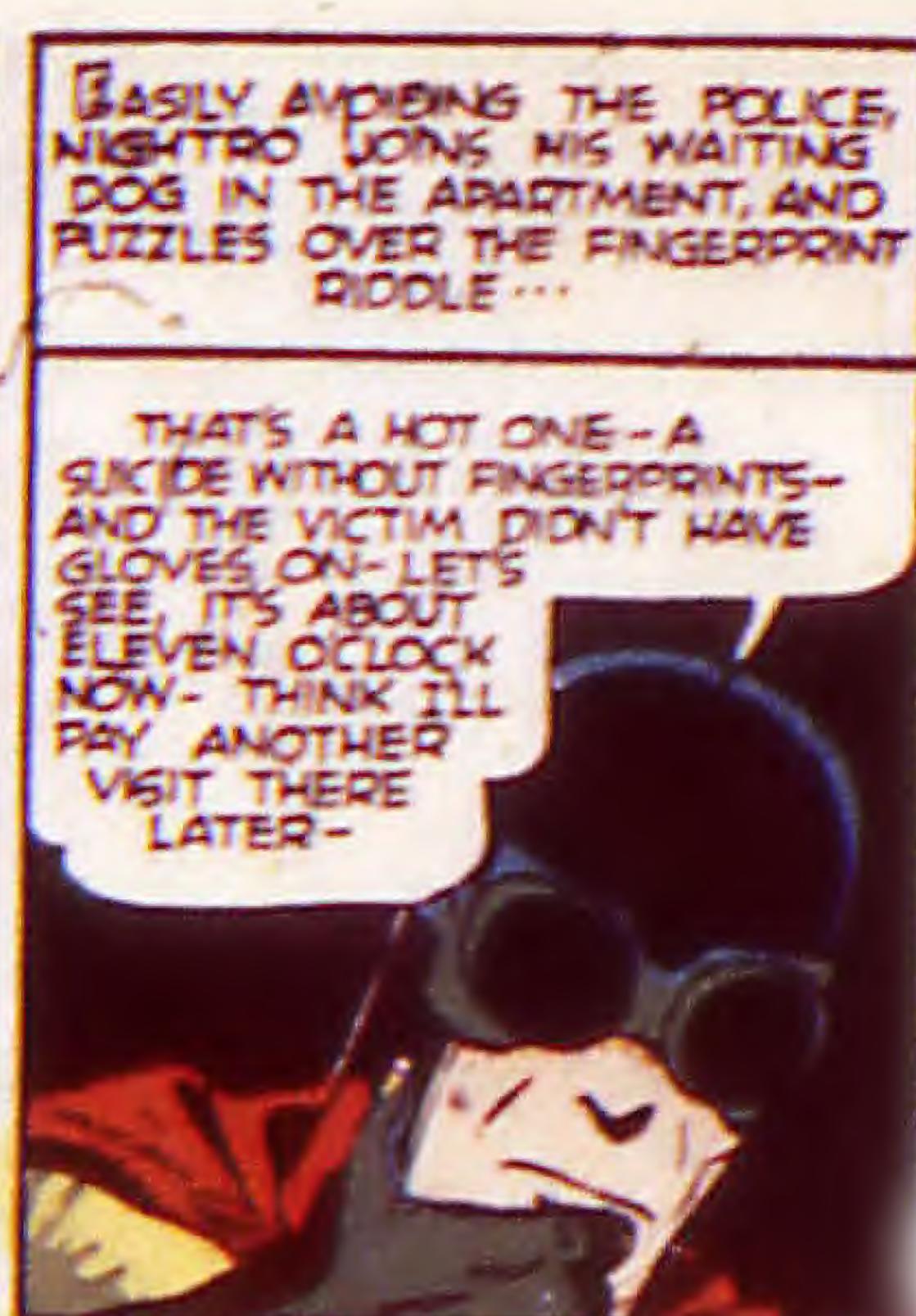
WHAT ?? THERE'S NO POINTS ON THESE JETS ??

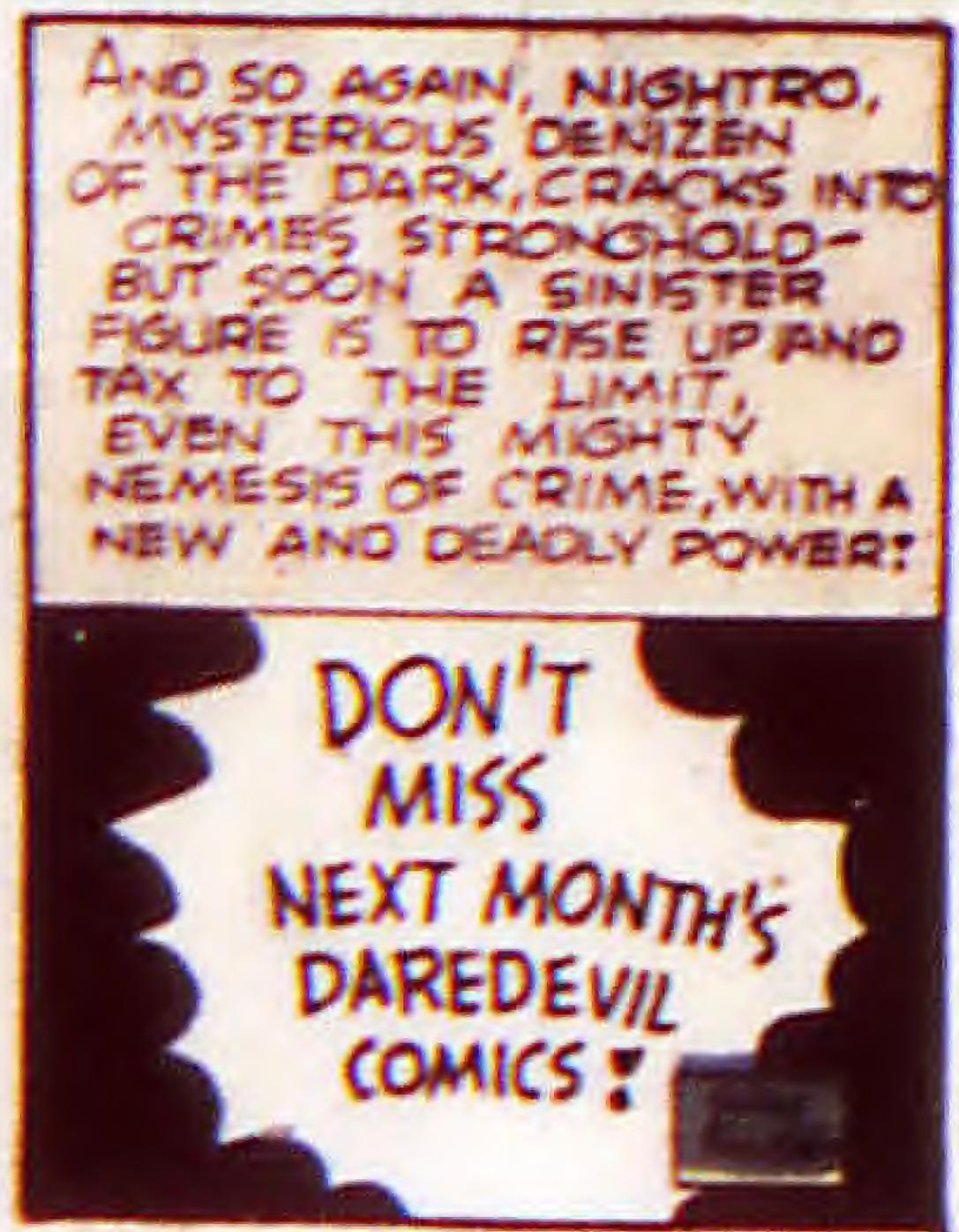
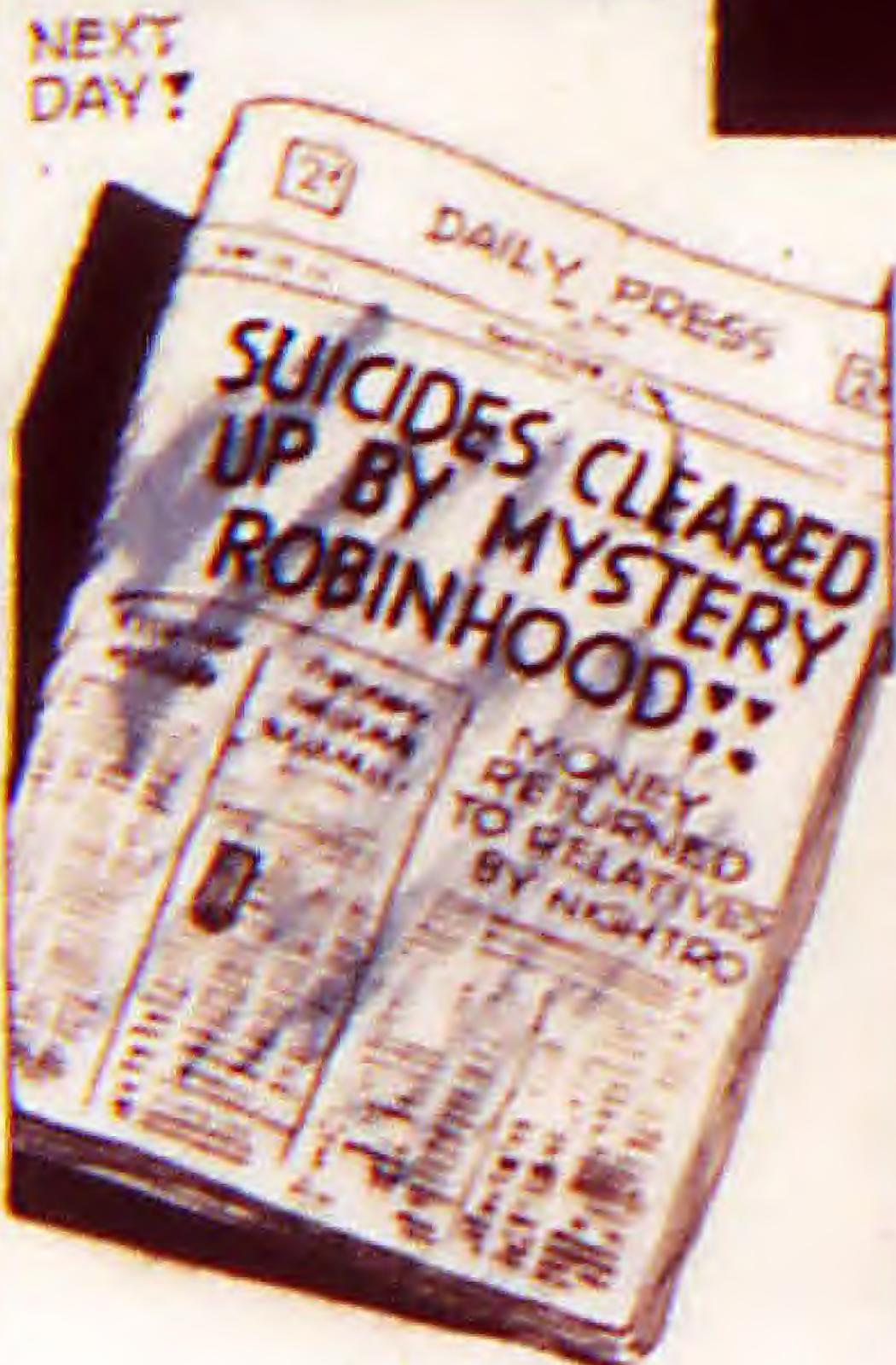
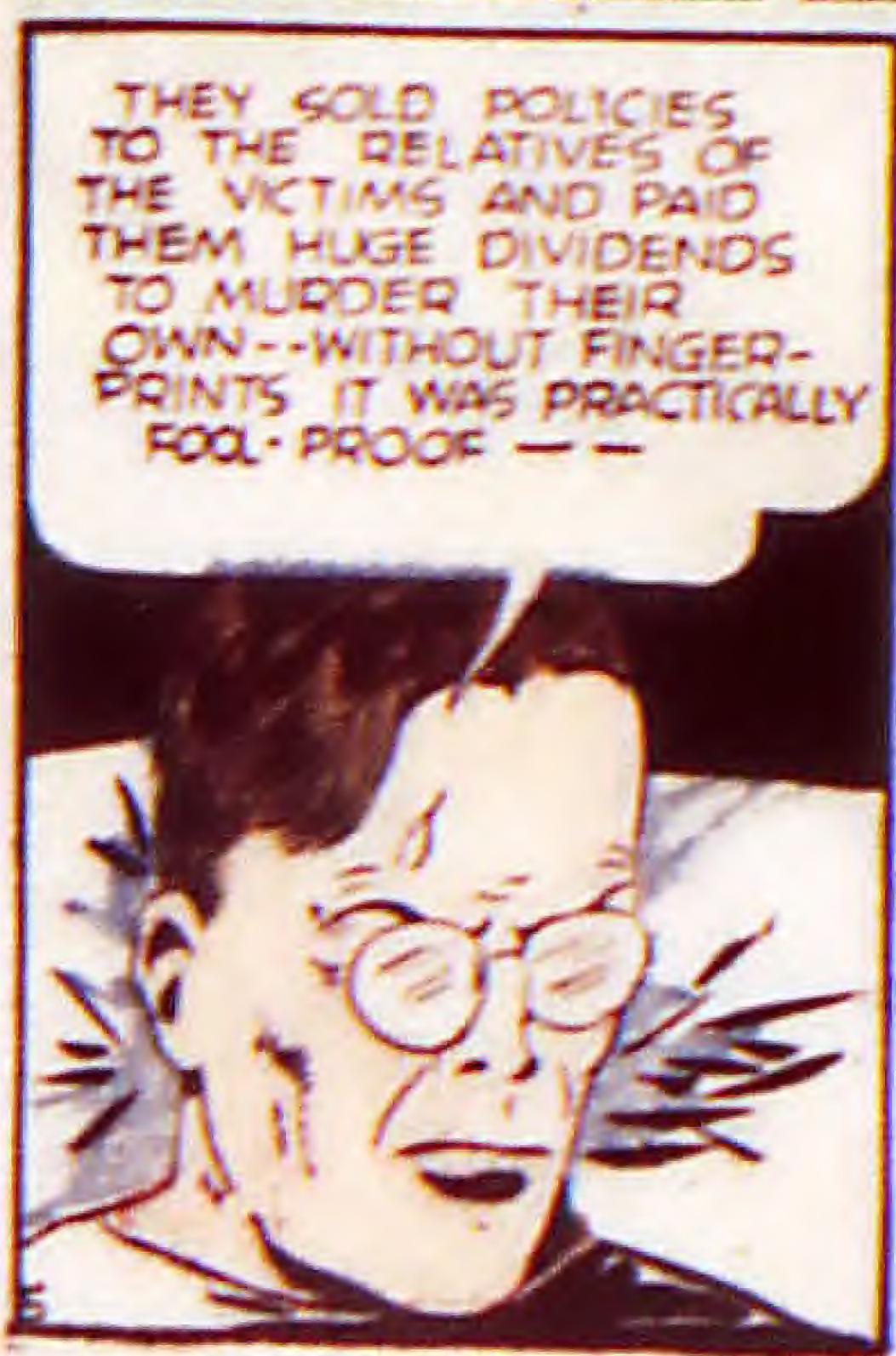
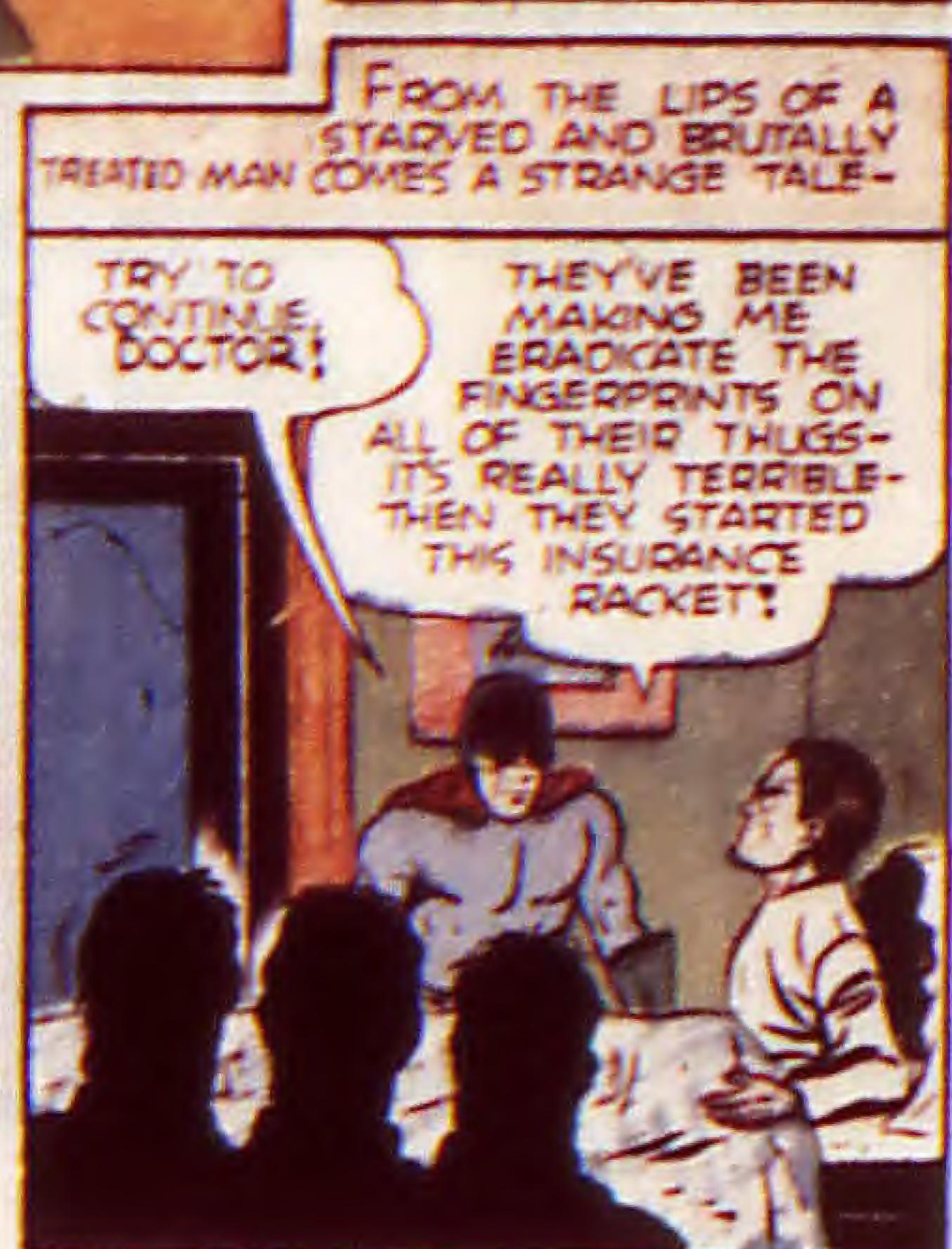


BUT AT THIS MOMENT, THE FORCES OF THE LAW BURST INTO THE APARTMENT WITH CUSTOMERY ABRUPTNESS -



GET HIM!





FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE SUPERSTITIOUS, THE EDITORS ADVISE EXTREME CAUTION IN THE READING OF THIS MATERIAL...FOR WHO CAN SAY WHAT TRUTH MAY LIE BEHIND THE FEAR THAT HAS FOLLOWED THIS NUMERAL DOWN THROUGH THE AGES...

"13" THE NEMESIS NUMBER OF ALL TIME REARS ITS UGLY HEAD AND CASTS A SHADOW OF TRAGEDY OVER THE LIFE OF HAROLD HIGGINS--BUT FROM THIS EVIL DIDGET AN IDEA IS BORN, AND FROM THAT IDEA SPRINGS A STARTLING FIGURE, WHO IS SOON TO TURN THIS NUMBER OF ILL OMEN INTO A BOOMERANG AND CRUCIFY THE CROSS-ROADS OF CRIME WITH A CAMPAIGN OF JUSTICE, WHICH BRINGS TO ALL THE UNDERWORLD, THE FEAR OF "13"

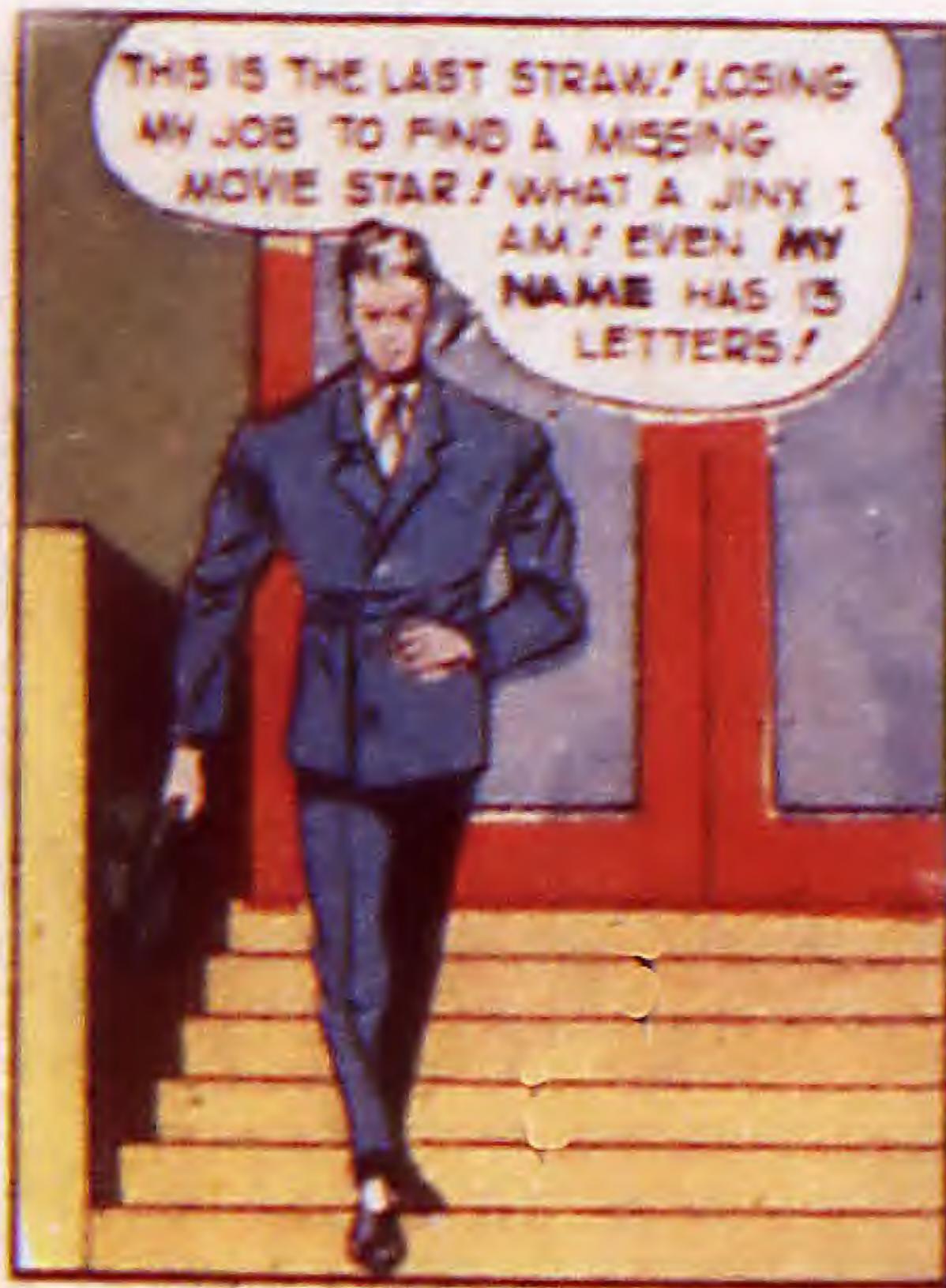
BERNIE KLEIN
AND
PICK WOOD

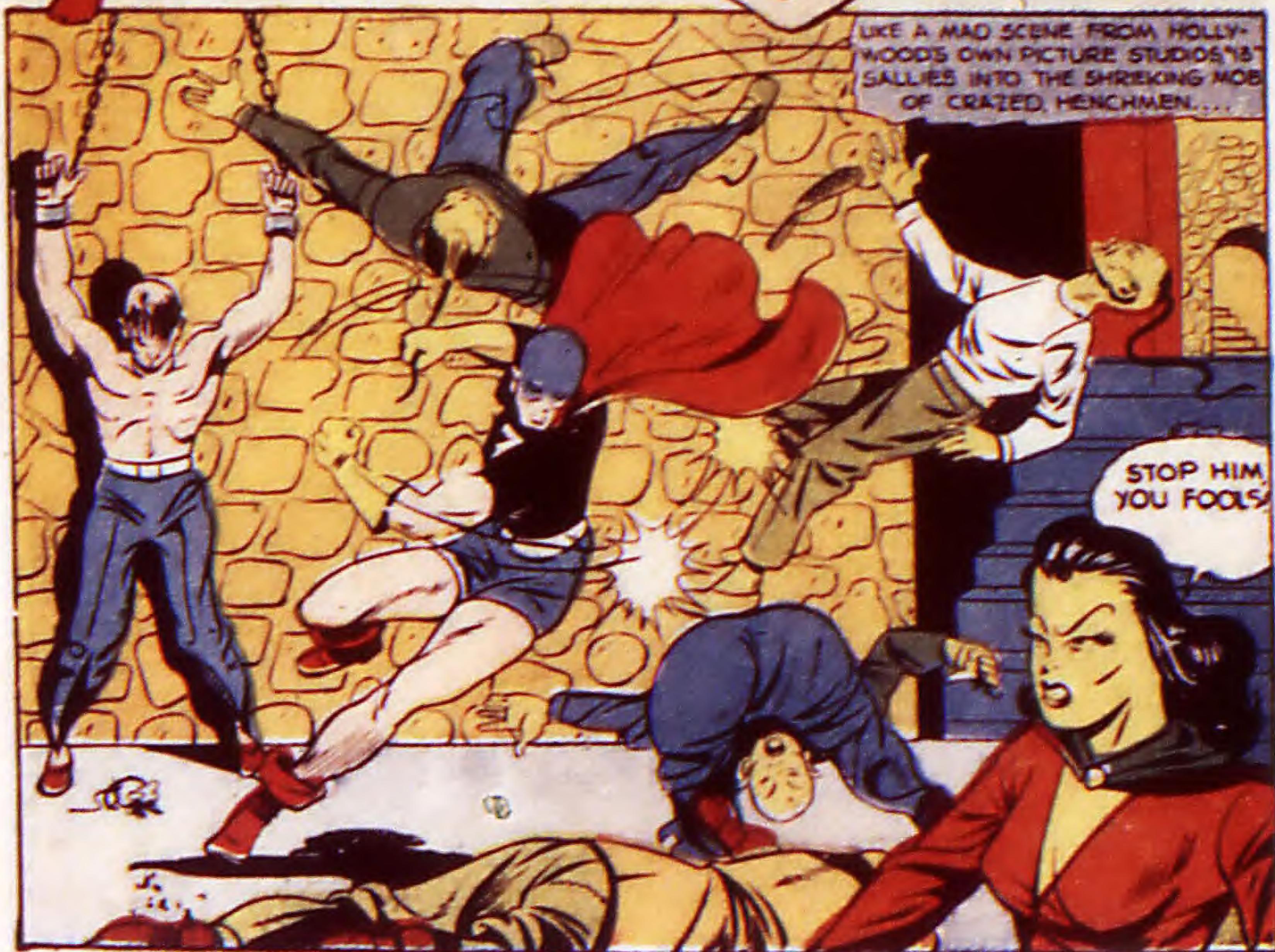
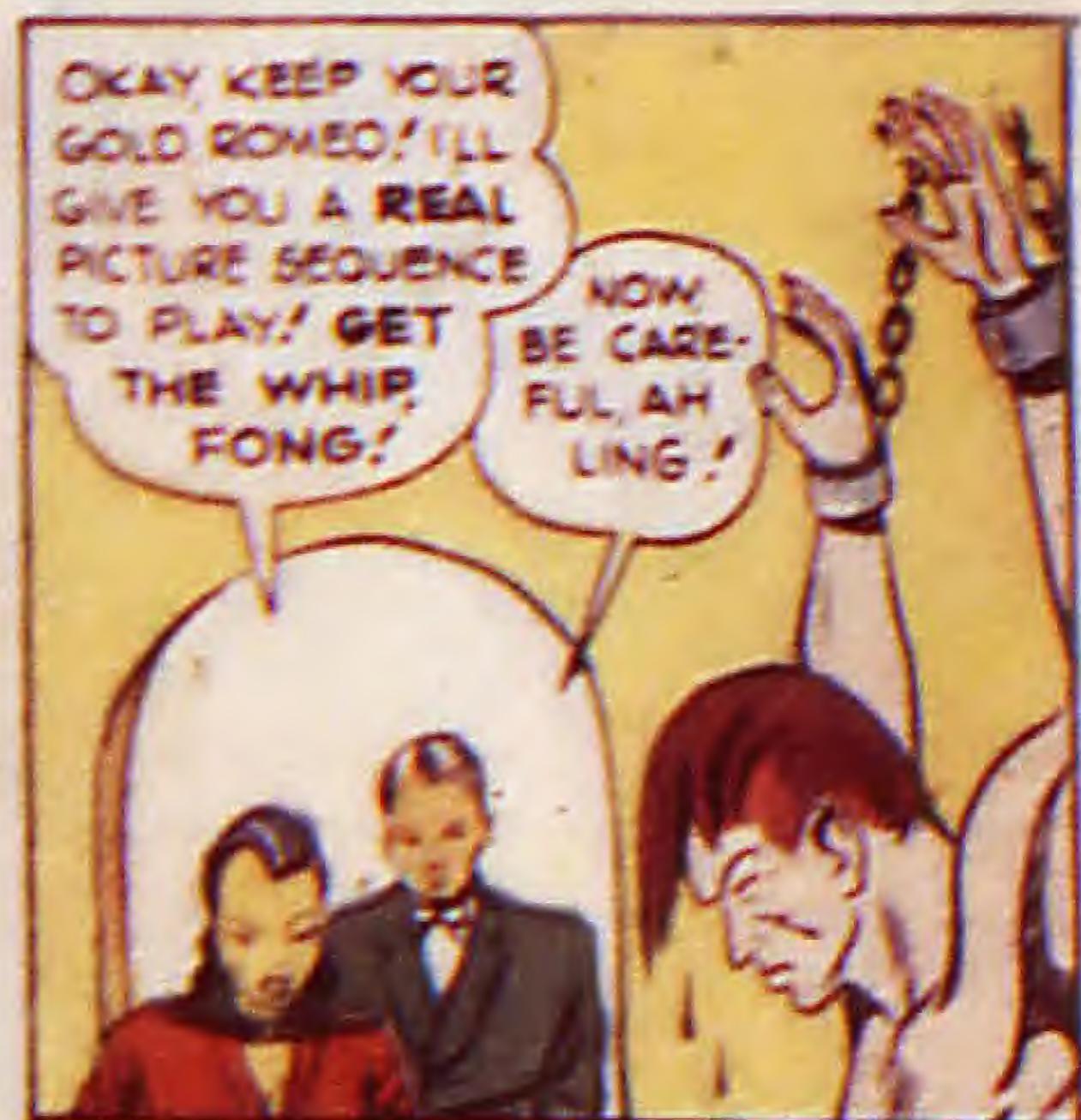
IN THE HEART OF HOLLYWOOD, A CINEMA STAR DISAPPEARS--AND IN THE OFFICE OF THE HERALD, MANAGING EDITOR, CLYDE ROUSSOS, FIRES AN EMPLOYEE.....

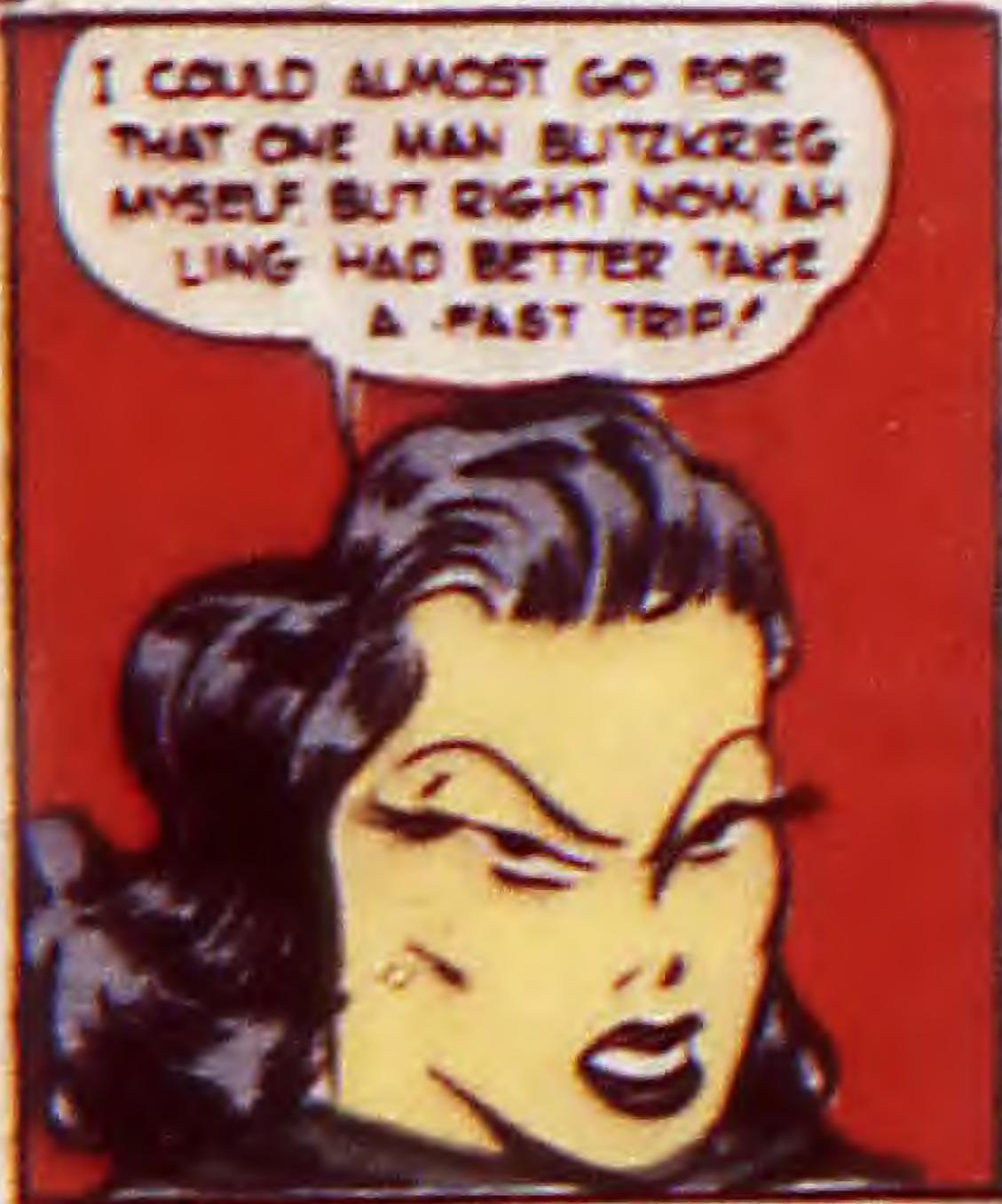
SO WHAT IF
LARRY MILLER IS
LOST! I TOLD YOU
AH LING HAD NOTH-
ING TO DO WITH
IT! YOU'RE FIRED!











WILL
THE

CLAW RULE AMERICA?

MINE!!
MINE!!
IT SHALL
BE
MINE!!

LAST MONTH:

FOLLOWING THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF AN ENTIRE TRAINLOAD OF 2000 ARMY MEN ENROUTE FOR MANEUVERS AN ULTIMATUM WAS RECEIVED BY THE PRESIDENT FROM THE CLAW.THE WORLD'S WORST VILLAIN HAD KIDNAPPED THESE MEN, AND HIS DEMAND FOR THEIR SAFE RETURN WAS COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE COUNTRY'S GOLD SUPPLY.....THE CLEVERNESS OF BILL HOPKINS A RAILROAD ENGINEER WHOSE BROTHER WAS AMONG THE MISSING MEN UNCOVERED THE CLAW'S HIDEOUT.....BUT----- FOLLOWING HIS ULTIMATUM BEING SPURNED BY THE GOVERNMENT THE CLAW HYPNOTIZED HIS CAPTIVES THROUGH A VERY CLEVER MOVIE

WHICH HE PUT ON-----AND NOW--
"The Battle of the Centuries"

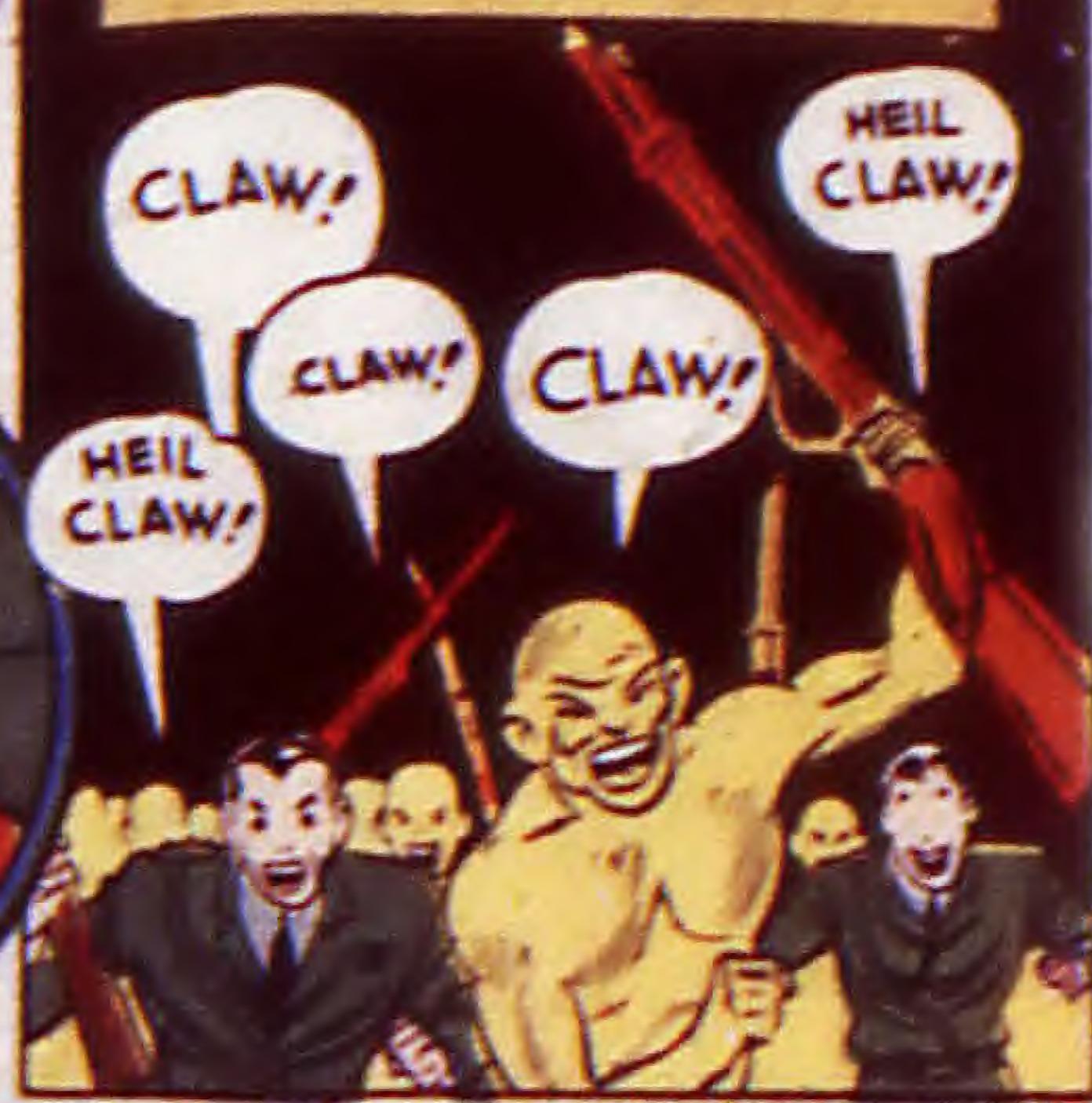
BOB
WOOD

DEEP IN A MOUNTAIN IN
MIDWESTERN PENNSYLVANIA,
THE CLAW IS HOLDING
CAPTIVE THE 2000
KIDNAPPED (HYPNOTIZED)
SOLDIERS.....

IT IS NOW THAT THE
GREATEST MILITARY
ENCOUNTER OF ALL TIME
IS ABOUT TO OCCUR.
BEING HYPNOTIZED THE
CAPTIVES ARE ONLY CAPA-
BLE OF DOING AS THE
CLAW SO CHOOSES. THERE-
FORE AS A DETACHMENT
OF U.S. ARMY MEN BURSTS
INTO THE CLAW'S LAIR.
THEY FIND THEMSELVES
CONFRONTED NOT ONLY
WITH THE CLAW'S MEN,
BUT WITH 2000 OF THEIR
MEN READY TO STRIKE AT
THE CLAW'S COMMAND
AND DO BATTLE WITH
THEM.....

DYNAMITE! SOME-
ONE'S BLASTING
THROUGH. MOBILIZE
FAST! WE MUST
FIGHT!!

WITH THESE WORDS THE COMBINED
FORCES OF THE CLAW RUSH
FORWARD.....



CHARGE!
GET THE
CLAW!

HEY!
LOOK! WHAT'S
WRONG? OUR
OWN MEN
ARE COMING
FOR US!



HYPNOTIZED BILL
ORDERS HIS BROTHER, DICK,
CHARGING INTO
BATTLE WITH
THE CLAW'S
MEN!

GREAT
SCOTT! IT
IT CAN'T BE!
I'VE GOT TO
STOP HIM!



BEFORE THE HYPNOTIZED DICK
HOPKINS CAN DO ANY DAMAGE
BILL STOPS HIM WITH A FLYING
TACKLE!



ENRAGED UNDER THE CLAW'S HYP-
NOTIC SPELL DICK LEAPS TO HIS
FEET WITH MURDER IN HIS EYES
...SEIZING A KNIFE, HE STARTS
FOR HIS BROTHER.....

KILL!
KILL!

DON'T DICK!
YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING!



SORRY,
DICK!



AS THE BATTLE RAGES BILL
BURNS DICK AWAY FROM
THE CONFLICT.

I'LL FIND SOME HIDDEN
SPOT AND GET HIM
AWAY FROM THIS MESS!
THEN FOR THE CLAW!



...HE WAS HIT DOWN
A FEW FEET FROM THE CLAW
BUT HE RETURNED TO THE
FIGHT FOR THE BATTLE.

THANK HEAVENS
HE'S SAFE....NOW
TO JOIN THE
PESTIVITIES!

MEANWHILE...

BILL IS STARTLED AS HE WITNESSES
THE MOST ASTOUNDING SPECTACLE
EVER WITNESSED BY MAN....

FIGHT!
FIGHT!
KILL!

I CAN'T BELIEVE
IT....KILLING THEIR OWN
MEN OFF....IF ONLY
SOMEHOW THE CLAW'S
HYPNOTIC SPELL COULD
BE BROKEN...

AAAGH!

SO YOU WOULD
DARE MATCH YOUR
SKILL WITH THE
CLAW?..KILL YOUR-
SELVES OFF,
FOOLS!

AS THE BATTLE RAGES FU-
RIOSLY THE CLAW HIMSELF
IS DOING HIS BEST TO DES-
TROY UNCLE SAM'S TROOPS.

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BUT WITH MAXIMUM COURAGE, THE SOLDIERS DETERMINE TO DOWN THE CLAW.

ON AND ON THE MAD MONSTER OF HATE CONTINUES AS HIS MEN BATTLE ON FEROCIOUSLY. HE RUTHLESSLY CRUSHES THE SOLDIERS AS THOUGH THEY WERE "PUTTY IN HIS HANDS!"

NO SENSE WASTING ANY MORE BULLETS ON THIS GUY! THEY WON'T HURT HIM!

WE GOTTA THINK OF A BETTER WAY! TOO BAD WE DON'T HAVE A CANNON!

THE WHOLE U.S. ARMY IS HELPLESS AGAINST ME.. BUT ENOUGH, HOW TO FINISH THEM ALL..OPEN THE GAS LINE!

FROM THE MAD FRAY, THREE LEADERS RUSH TO A CHAMBER WHERE A HUGE WHEEL CONTROLS A FLOW OF GAS...

木
木
山

洲
木

QUICK!
THE GAS MASKS!

AS ENORMOUS GAS GEYSERS ARE OPENED, THE CLAW'S MEN AUTOMATICALLY DON GAS MASKS....

GET
MASTER'S
MASK!

BILL NOTICES TWO ANARCHISTS SEIZE A HUGE GAS MASK.

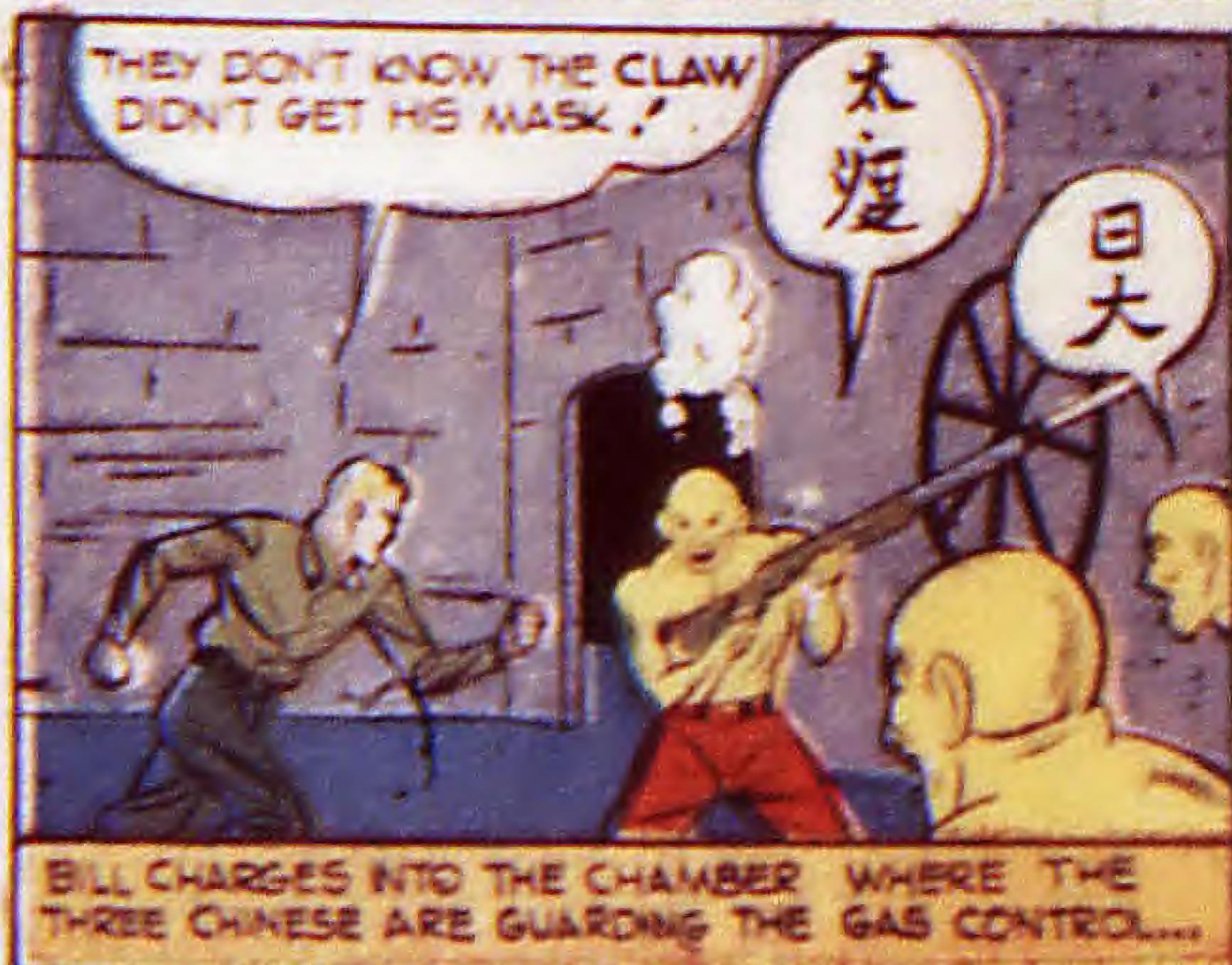
SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE - FAST! HEY... WHAT'S THAT?

...THE CLAW'S GAS MASK

大

LET THE CLAW TASTE A DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE!

BUT CAN THEY GET BILL TEARS INTO THE TWO CEREMONIALS WITH THE FURY OF A MIND PAPER?



AS THE GAS CONTINUES TO POUR FORTH BILL FINISHES OFF THE LAST GUARD....



THIS DOES THE TRICK! NOW IF WE CAN GET THE CLAW BEFORE HE RECOVERS!



BILL RUSHES BACK AS THE GAS SUBSIDES.....

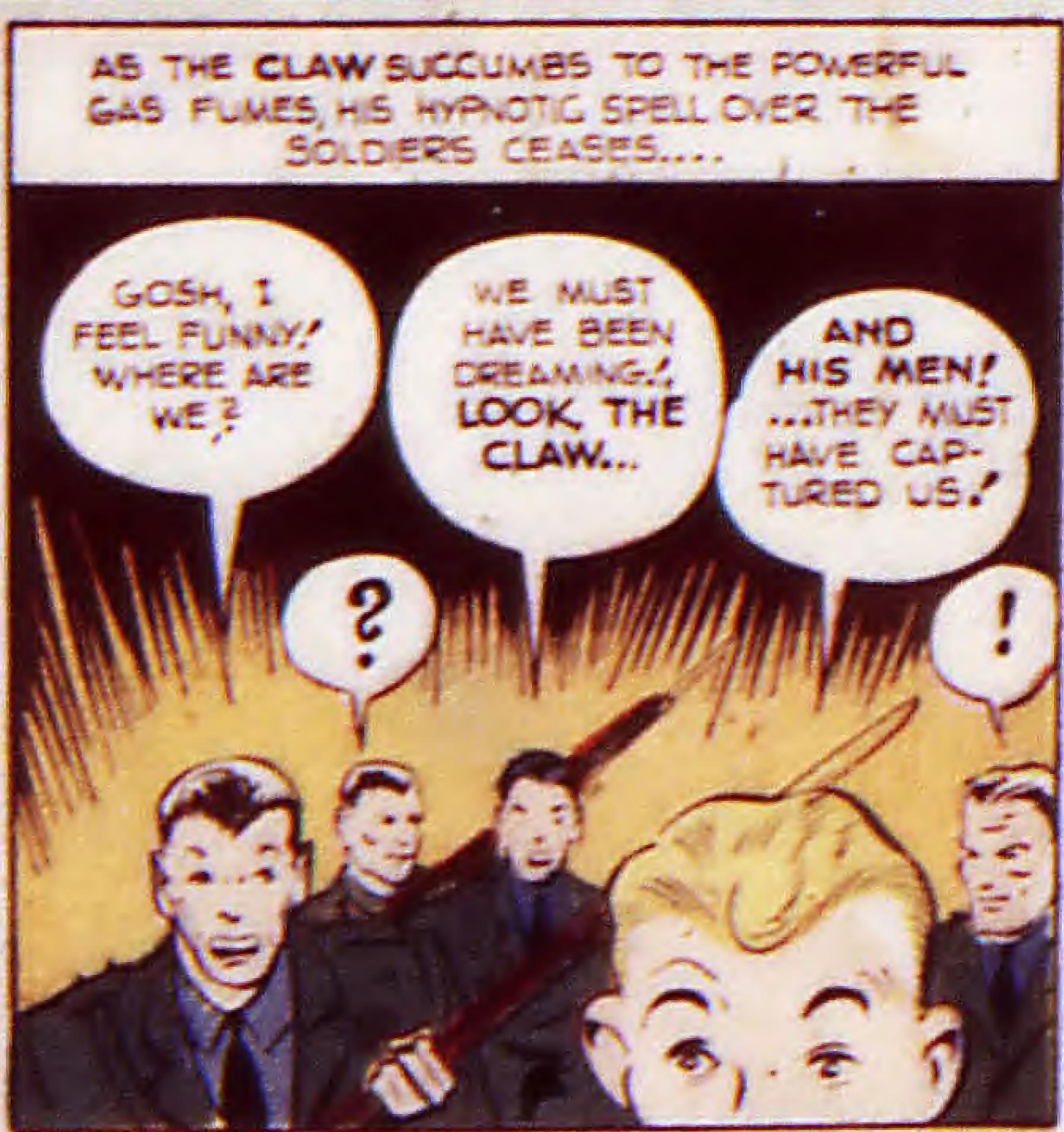
QUICK, MEN, PULL YOURSELVES TOGETHER!



THE CLAW'S MEN FEVERISHLY RUSH TO THEIR NOW HELPLESS MASTER...



AS THE CLAW SUCCUMBS TO THE POWERFUL GAS FUMES, HIS HYPNOTIC SPELL OVER THE SOLDIERS CEASES....



THEY SOON COME TO THE REALIZATION OF WHAT HAS BEEN HAPPENING AND THEN JOIN THE OTHERS AS THEY TURN AGAINST THE CLAW'S MEN...



STARTLED BY THE SUDDEN TRANSFORMATION WHICH HAS OVERCOME THE SOLDIERS, THE CLAW'S MEN ARE QUITE BEFuddled!

WITHOUT THEIR LEADER, THE ASIATICS ARE HELPLESS AS THEY ENDEAVOR TO BATTLE THE ARMY MEN...



REALIZING THEY ARE NOW OUTNUMBERED, THE ORIENTALS CRAGE AND FLEE IN TERROR...



SOME ESCAPE, OTHERS ARE SEIZED, AND TAKEN CAPTIVE...



HEAVY CHAINS ARE SOON RUSHED TO THE SCENE WHERE THE CLAW IS LYING SEMI-CONSCIOUS...

DICK HOPKINS, NOW FREE FROM THE CLAW'S HYPNOTIC SPELL, RECOGNIZES HIS BROTHER...

BILL!

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN DREAMING AND HOW DID YOU GET HERE? BOY, WHERE DID I GET THIS SHINER?

FIRST, YOU WERE HYPNOTIZED BY THE CLAW... I DISCOVERED HE WAS HOLDING YOU CAPTIVE... AND, ER, THE BLACK EYE. I'M AFRAID I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT!



AT LAST, THE WORLD'S WORST VILLAIN IS IN CAPTIVITY! BEFORE THE CLAW COULD REGAIN HIS SENSES THE MONSTER HAS BEEN CUSTODIED INTO CHAINS...

AMERICAN SWINE! THEY STAND AND SCOFF AT ME NOW-- BUT MY MEN WILL NOT FAIL ME! MY TRUMP CARD IS YET TO BE PLAYED!

WHAT A SIGHT! WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO WITH HIM?

LEAVE HIM CHAINED HERE FOR THE NIGHT AND GET A SPECIAL TRAIN HERE IN THE MORNING TO CART HIM OUT!

MEANWHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE MOUNTAIN THOSE OF THE CLAW'S MEN WHO GOT AWAY ARE ALREADY PLOTTING HIS ESCAPE....

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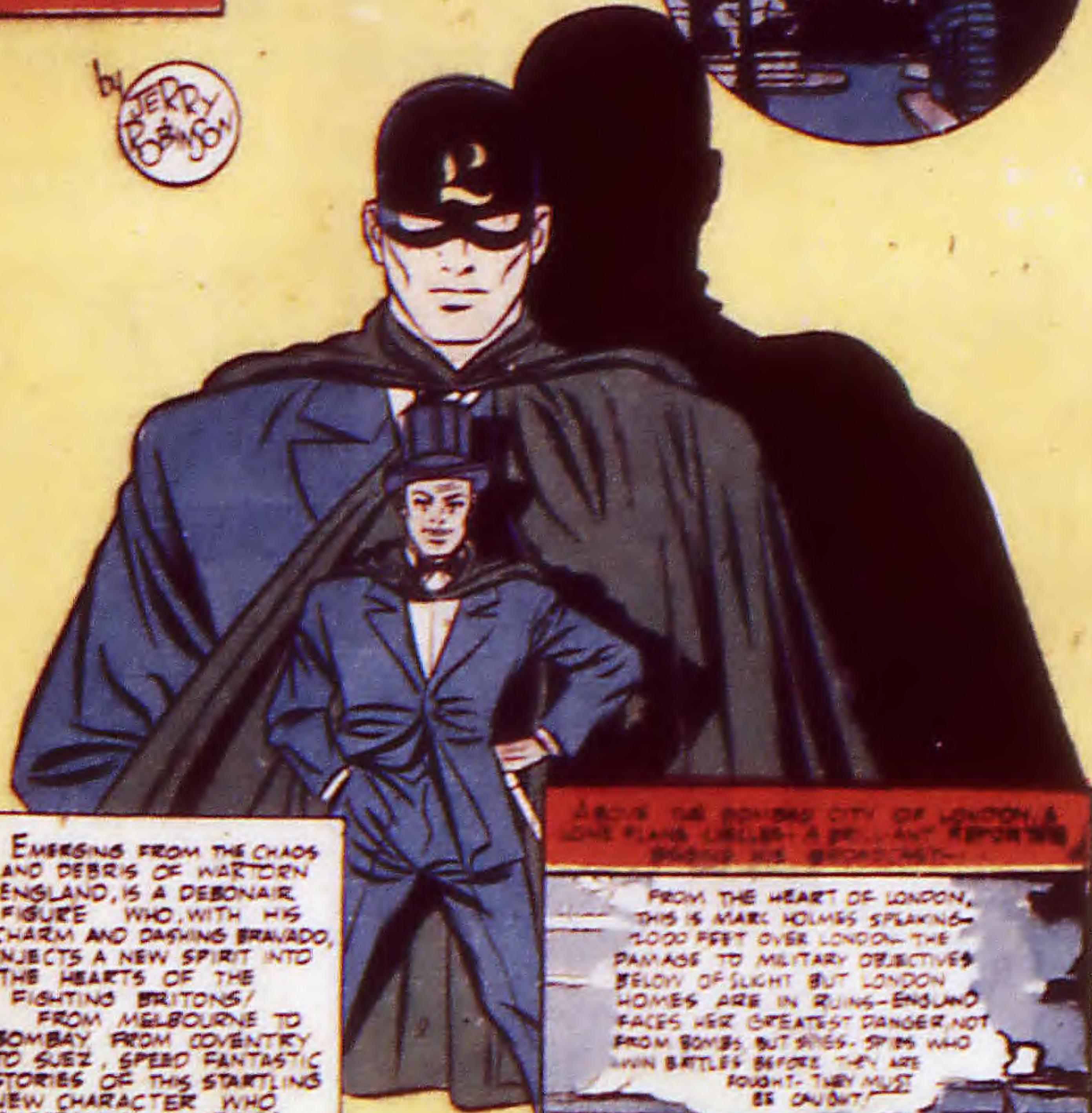
WHAT CAN THE CLAW MEAN BY HIS TRUMP CARD? CAN THE NATION FINALLY BREATHE EASILY---FREE FROM IMPENDING DANGER OF THIS HORRIBLE MONSTROSITY?? WE'D LIKE TO BELIEVE SO, BUT KNOWING THE CLAW AS WE DO, WE'RE RATHER DOUBTFUL--THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OF FINDING OUT... ORDER YOUR OCT. ISSUE OF DAREDEVIL COMICS NOW, SO YOU WON'T MISS IT!



London



by JERRY ROBINSON



EMERGING FROM THE CHAOS AND DEBRIS OF WARTORN ENGLAND, IS A DEBONAIR FIGURE WHO, WITH HIS CHARM AND DASHING BRAVADO, INJECTS A NEW SPIRIT INTO THE HEARTS OF THE FIGHTING BRITONS! FROM MELBOURNE TO BOMBAY, FROM COVENTRY TO SUEZ, SPEED FANTASTIC STORIES OF THIS STARTLING NEW CHARACTER WHO SUCCESSFULLY MATCHES WITS WITH THE MOST CUNNING AGENTS---MASTERS OF ESPIONAGE--WHO HAVE COME TO FEAR AND EVEN ADMIRE HIM. THIS MAN--KNOWN SIMPLY AS... LONDON--FOR HE IS LONDON--THE LIVING, BREATHING, REALITY TO PROVE LONDON CAN TAKE IT!

ABOVE THE BOMBED CITY OF LONDON, A LOW PLANE FLIES--A PILOT AND REPORTER WHOSE NAME IS UNKNOWN.

FROM THE HEART OF LONDON, THIS IS MARC HOLMES SPEAKING--2000 FEET OVER LONDON--THE DAMAGE TO MILITARY OBJECTIVES BELOW IS SLIGHT BUT LONDON HOMES ARE IN RUINS--ENGLAND FACES HER GREATEST DANGER NOT FROM BOMBS BUT SPIES--SPIES WHO WIN BATTLES BEFORE THEY ARE FOUGHT--THEY MUST BE CAUGHT!

- AND THEY SHALL BE CAUGHT! FOR AGAIN WHEN ALL LOOKS DARKEST FOR THE CAUSE, LONDON APPEARS! MYSTERIOUS LONDON - WHO SEEMS TO HAVE STEPPED FROM THE PAGES OF SOME HERO NOVEL - WHOSE EXPLOITS HAVE BECOME LEGENDARY. THIS TIME, LONDON HAS SUPPLIED ME WITH INFORMATION I WILL PLACE IN THE HANDS OF THE BRITISH INTELLIGENCE WHICH WILL LEAD TO THE CAPTURE OF THE SPY RING WITHIN 48 HOURS!

THE BESIEGED ISLAND EMPIRE IS NOW A VIRTUAL ARMED CAMP! DESPITE SEEMingly AIR-TIGHT PRECAUTIONS, FOREIGN AGENTS ARE STILL SLIPPING INTO THE COUNTRY AND INFORMATION IS BEING SENT TO THE ENEMY -

BUT HOW?

EVERY ROAD THROUGHOUT THE EMPIRE IS BARRICADED - EVERY MOTORIST IS QUESTIONED IDENTIFIED - SUCH AS ON THIS HIGHWAY LEADING FROM LONDON --

O.K., BUDDY, PASS!

LET'S SEE YOUR CREDENTIALS

BUT - I SAY YOU --- YOU MIGHT THINK I WAS A DREADFUL SPY! WHY, OF COURSE, IF YOU REALLY INSIST!

I'M HECTOR PINCHLEY OF MC ALISTER, WEDGEDEBURN, HAAGEDORN AND PINCHLEY - BARRISTERS - QUEENS LANE. I'M OFF FOR A SPOT OF REST IN THE COUNTRY. THOSE BEASTLY BOMBINGS ARE RATHER A BOther -- DON'T YOU KNOW?

SORRY, SIR, EVERYONE IS UNDER SUSPICION - BUT ALL IS QUITE IN ORDER! I'M SURE YOU WON'T HAVE ANY FURTHER TROUBLE -

RIGHT HOI!

A SHORT WHILE LATER, PINCHLEY DRIVES INTO A TYPICAL ENGLISH ESTATE --

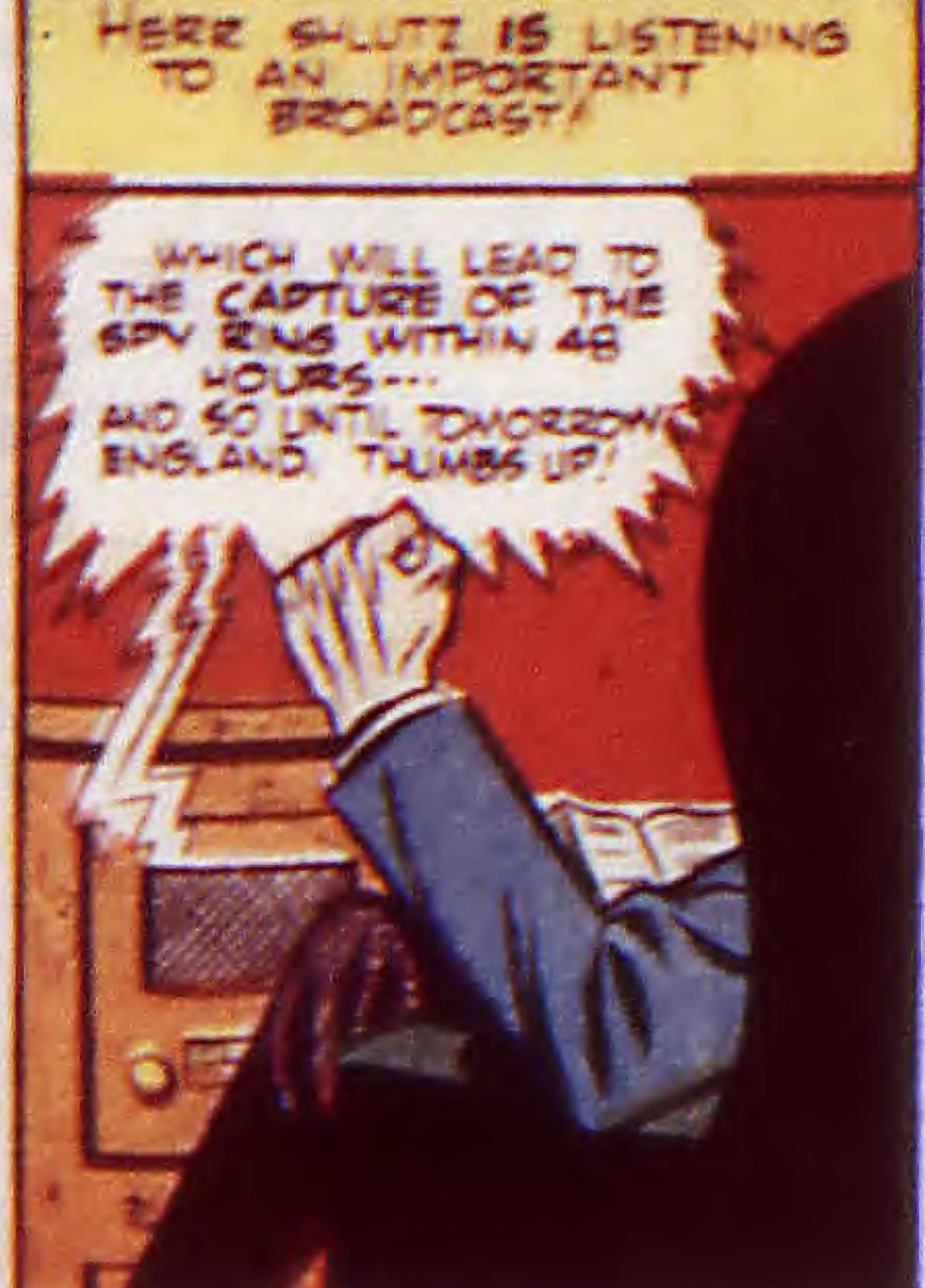
I SAY - HERR SHLUTZ WILL BE QUITE PLEASED WITH MY PERFORMANCE!

I TOLD YOU HERR SHLUTZ IS NOT TO BE DISTURBED. HE IS LISTENING TO AN IMPORTANT BROADCAST. YOU WILL HAVE TO WAIT!

BUT I'M SURE F...

HERE SHLUTZ IS LISTENING TO AN IMPORTANT BROADCAST!

WHICH WILL LEAD TO THE CAPTURE OF THE SPY RING WITHIN 48 HOURS... AND SO UNTIL TOMORROW ENGLAND, THUMBS UP!



INFORMATION! CAPTURE
WITHIN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS!
VAT COULD'T DEY KNOWNT
NOTHING COULD'T HAFF
GONE WRONG! I HAFF
PLANNED TOO PERFECTLY!
JA! IT MUST BE A
STUPID ENGLISH TRICK
TO MAKE US REVEAL
OURSELFFS!

BUT LONDON -- DOT SHWEIN
SEEKS TO KNOW EVERYTHING!
HE'S HERE - HE'S DERE - HE IS
EVERWHERE! HE IS A GENIUS!
HE IS ALMOST AS CLEVER AS
I AM! BAH! IMPOSSIBLE!
WHO KNOWS DERE EVEN IS A
LONDON? JA! IT MUST BE
STUPID ENGLISH PROPAGANDA...
HMM, SHLUTZ, WE MUST
NOT BE TOO
GUINE!

SUDDENLY, PINCHLEY
ENTERS EAGER TO
TELL OF HIS SUCCESS!

INSOLANT PIG! YOU
WERE TOLD TO
WAIT!

BUT - HERR
SHLUTZ!
YOU-YOU
SHOULD HAVE
SEEN ME!

I SHOUD'T HAFF
GEEN YOU! PINCHLEY-
I CAN'T TOLERATE
YOUR CONCEIT!

GET OUT - YOU
OLDT FOOL - UNTIL
I NEED YOU!

A FEW MINUTES LATER --

ACH WEAZEL,
YOU TOO HAFF
HEARD
HOLMES
BROADCAST?

HOLMES WILL LAND AT VEST
CROYDON AIRPORT. YOU MUST BE
DERE FIRST - IT IS NOT FAR! I
SHOUD'T THINK A SMALL BOMB IN
DER MOTOR OF HOLMES CAR
WOULD'T PREVENT HIM FROM
VISITING DER BRITISH INTELLIGENCE
IF HE DID HAFF SOMETHING TO
SAV... ACH, IT WILL BE PERFECT,
AS USUAL! I HAFF SENT DER
DETAILS OF VEST CROYDON AIR-
PORT TO OUR AIRFORCE - DERE
WILL BE A RAID TONIGHT! IT WILL
APPEAR AS IF POOR HOLMES WAS
A VICTIM OF DIRECT BOMB HIT-
FROM ABOVE, OF COURSE!

YAH!

ELOQUENT MR. HOLMES
IAID WITHIN UN HOUR
DER SKIES WOULD BE
FILLED WITH INSTANT
DEATH - WEAZEL WILL
SEE DOT HE IS NOT
DISAPPOINTED!

ZOOMING THROUGH THE
TWINKLING SKIES, HIS
BROADCAST COMPLETED,
MARC HOLMES HEADS FOR
WEST CROYDON AIRFIELD
UNAWARE THAT EVERY
MILE GAINED AND A
MINUTE LOST BRINGS HIM
CLOSER TO
DEATH!

YAH!

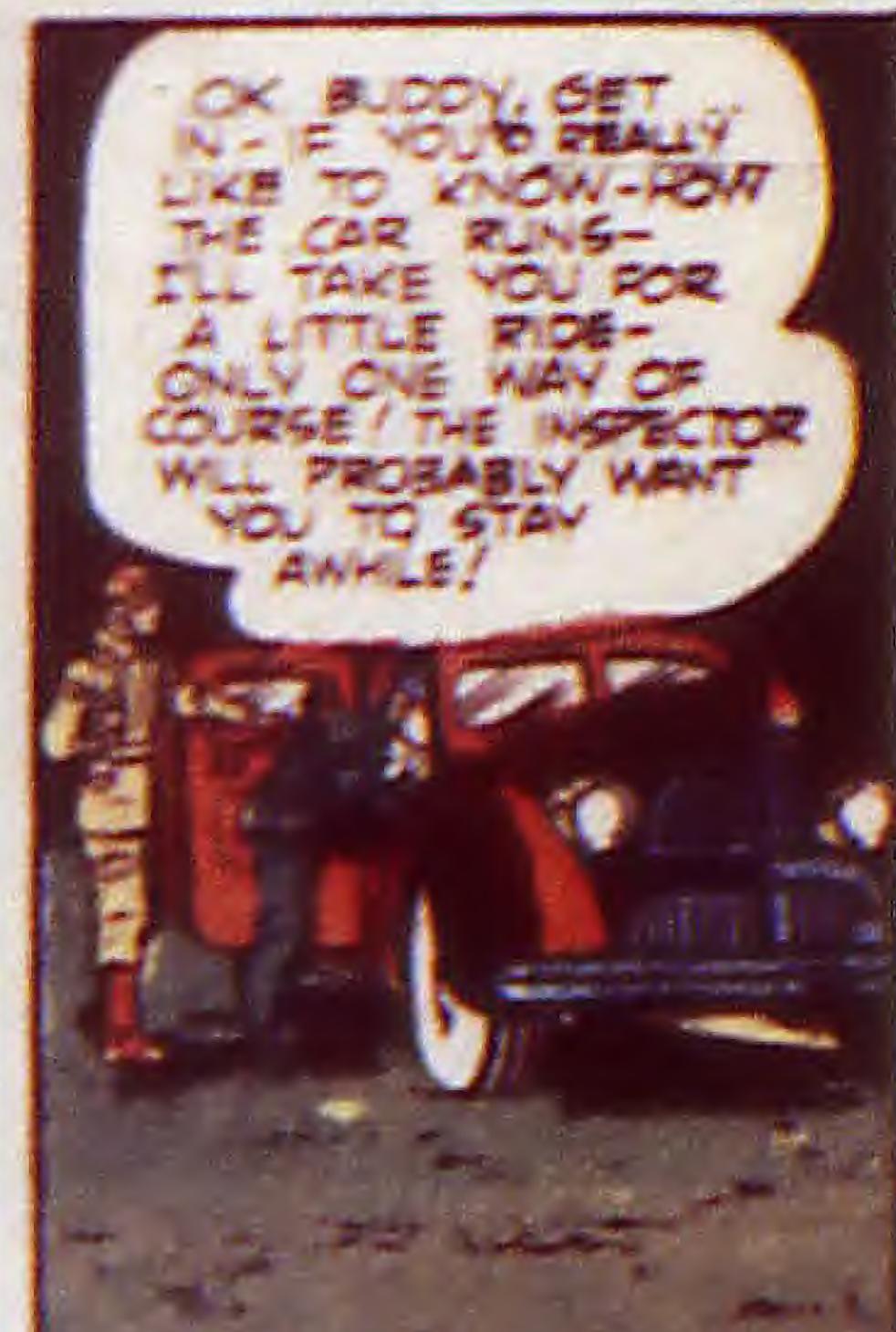
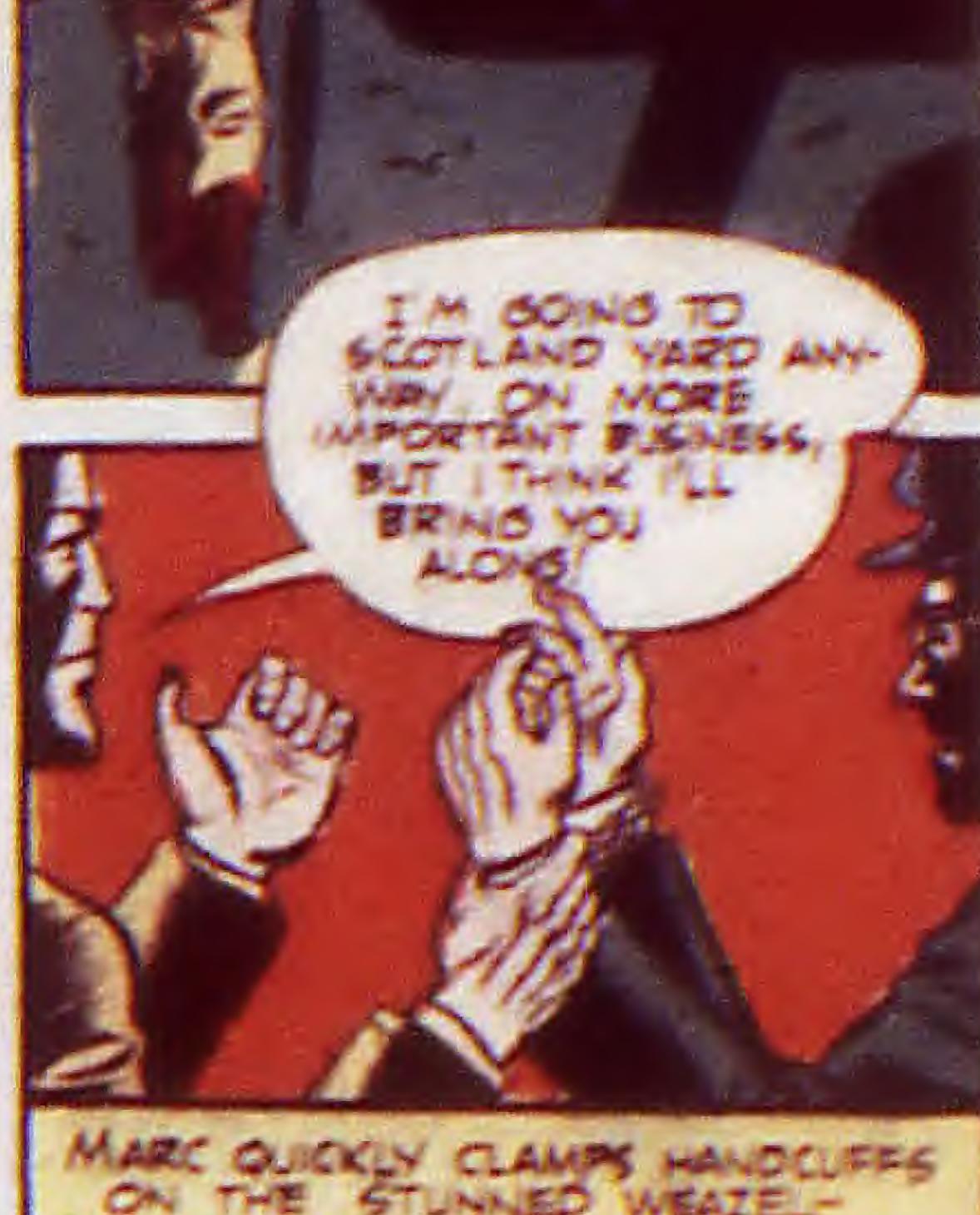
MINUTES LATER, HOLMES ANDS EASING UMBELF FROM THE COCKPIT - HE SUDDENLY HALTS -

I SAY, GNT THAT SOMEONE FOOLING AROUND WITH MY CAR!

I'VE HAD TWO CARS STOLEN LAST YEAR! THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS! IT SEEMS BOMBERS AREN'T THE ONLY ONES BUSY DURING BLACKOUTS!

COMING SILENTLY FROM BEHIND, HOLMES GENTLY TAPS THE THREE ON THE SHOULDER -

I SAY - YOU KNOW - I HAVE TWO STRIKES ON ME ALREADY!



THEN WITH STARTLING ABRUPTNESS,
WEASEL DESPERATELY LASHES OUT WITH
STEEL-CUFFED HANDS



I MUST GET
OUT OF HERE-
DOT PLANE -
VAH! I'LL FLY
DOT PLANE!



MARC STAGGERS FROM
THE CAR...

SO I DIDN'T EXPECT MY
BLUFF TO WORK SO SWIFTLY.
HE MUST BE ONE OF THE
SPY RING I KNEW THEY'D
TRY TO PUT ME AWAY
BEFORE
COULD
DELIVER
THE
INFORMATION.



SUDDENLY!
THE HUGE
MECHANICAL
EARS OF THE
AIRPORT
WARN OF
APPROACHING
PLANES-
AIR
RAID!

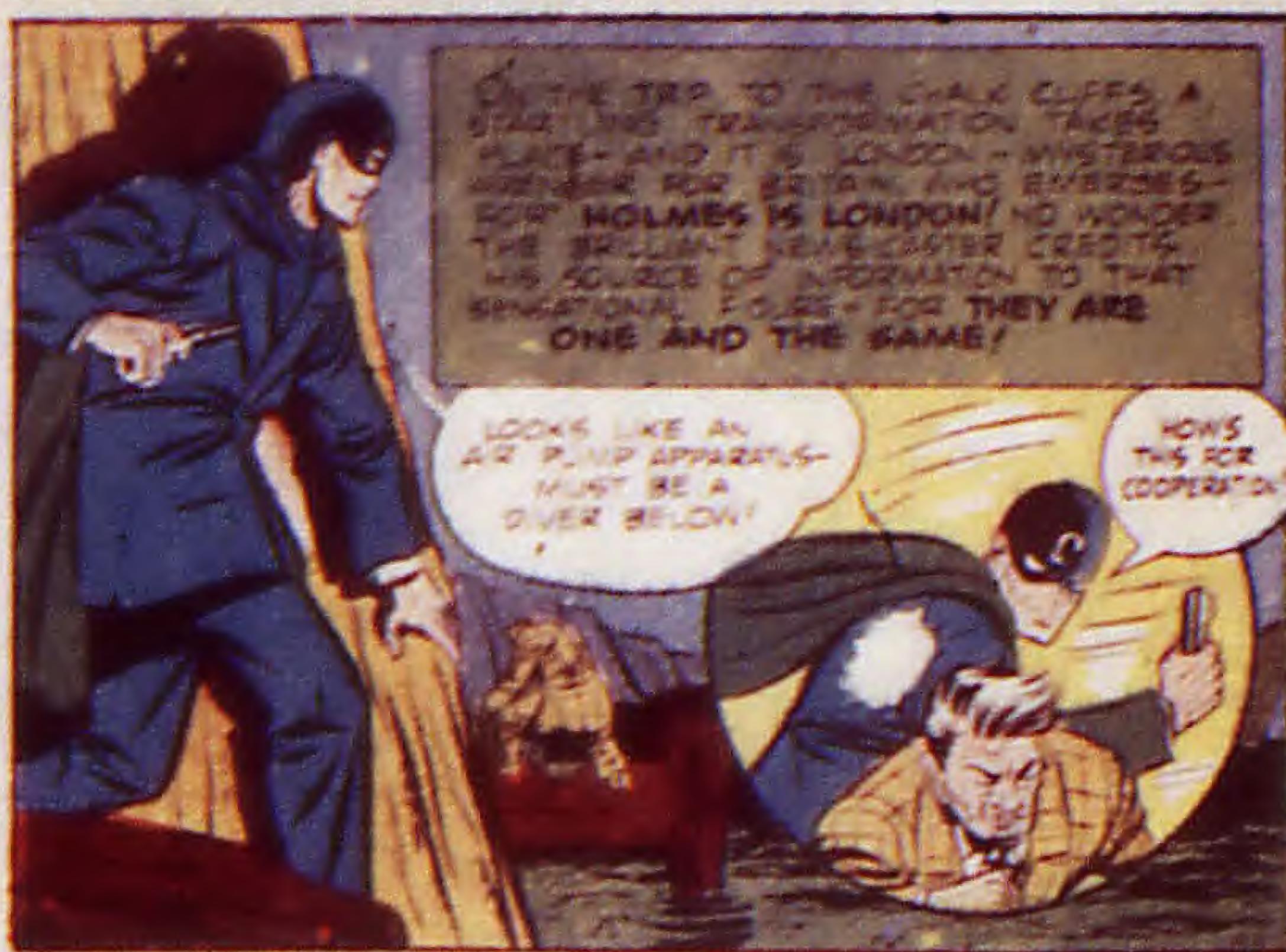
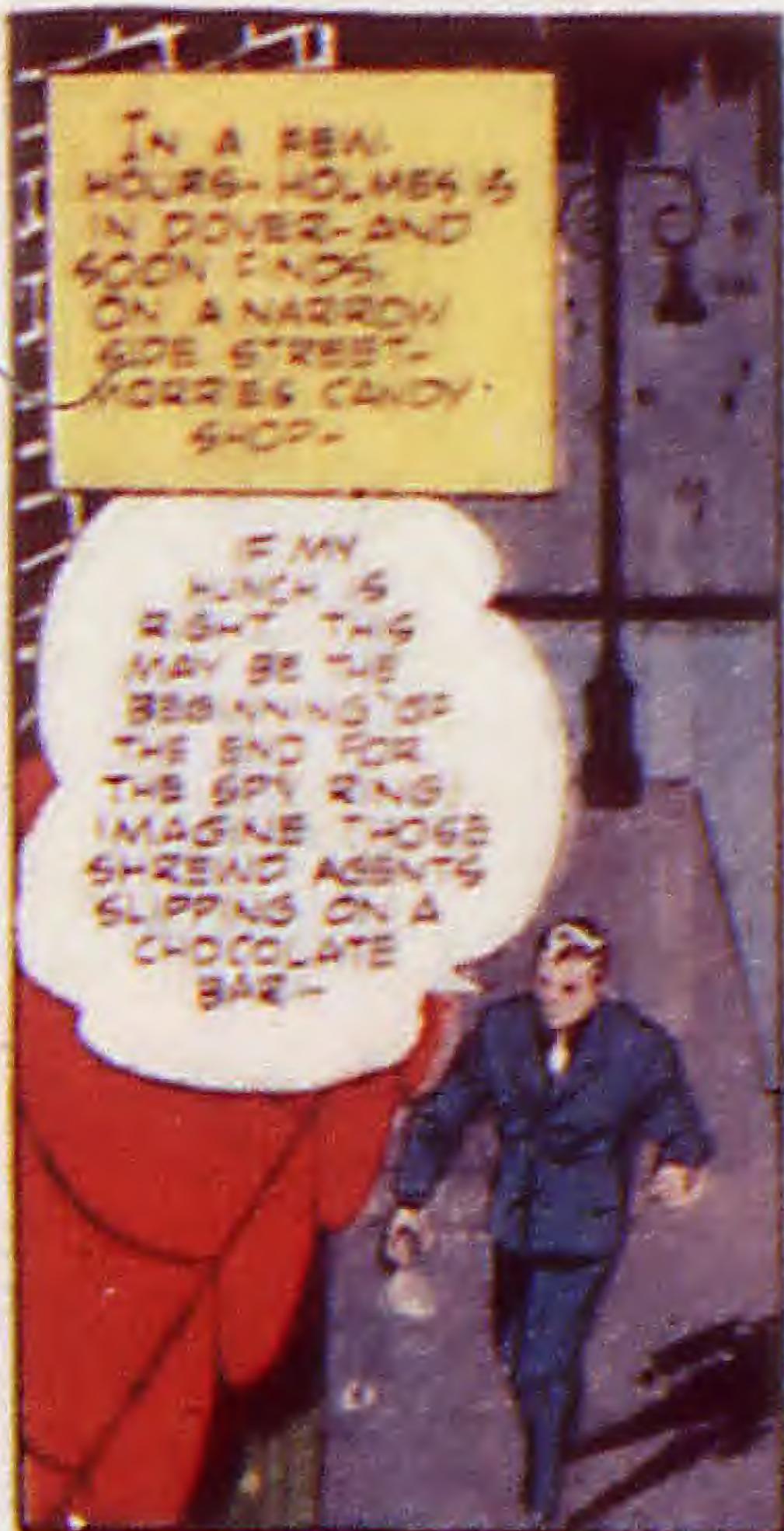
IN THE COCKPIT OF A RAIDING
PLANE, A GUNNER GRINS
HIDEOUSLY-



DIVE! UN
ENGLISH DOG
ISS TRYING TO
REACH HIS PLANE/
DOD SCHWEIN
VILL NEVER
FLY AGAIN!!

AFTER THE RAID,
HOLMES SEARCHES
THE BODY OF THE
SLAIN NAZI-ONE
ENVELOPE WAS HIS
ONLY POSSESSION.





REMOVING THE PHONE-PIECE FROM THE DIVER'S HELMET, LONDON QUICKLY BRINGS IT ABOVE WATER AS A CLEVER PLAN FORMS IN HIS MIND...

THIS IS AGENT SENT TO DISPOSE OF HOLMES - HE IS TAKEN CARE OF, BUT DER ENGLISH INTELLIGENCE IS CLOSE ON OUR TRAIL. NOW IS DER TIME FOR OUR GREAT LEADER HESST TO COME AND LEAD US IN MASS SABOTAGE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE! YAH SOOFT, AND FIFTY SPECIAL AGENTS! SOOFT, YOU SAY THEY WILL LAND ON MERR SALUTZ ESTATE NEAR CRUTON TOMORROW NIGHT? VERY SOOFT!

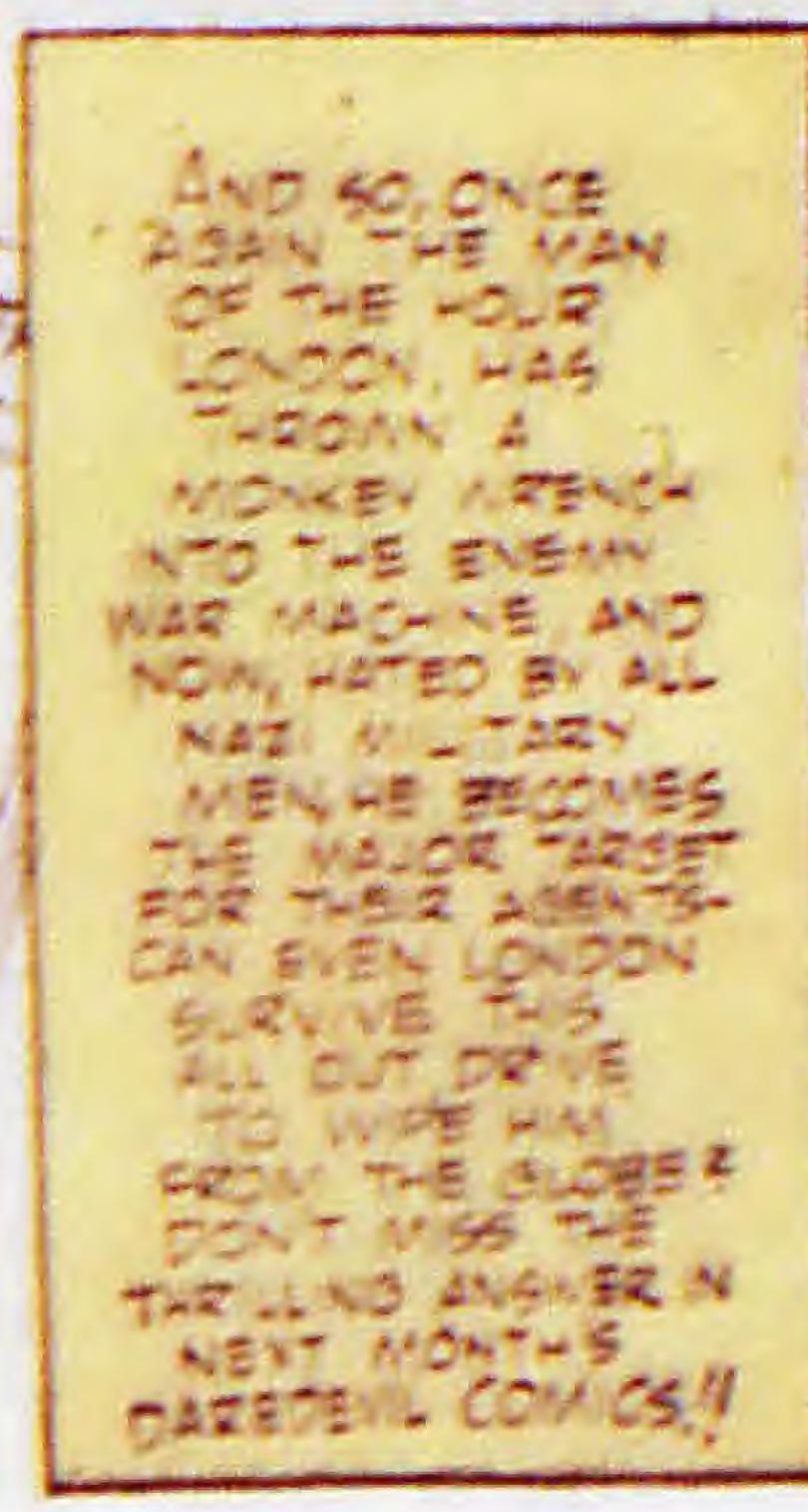
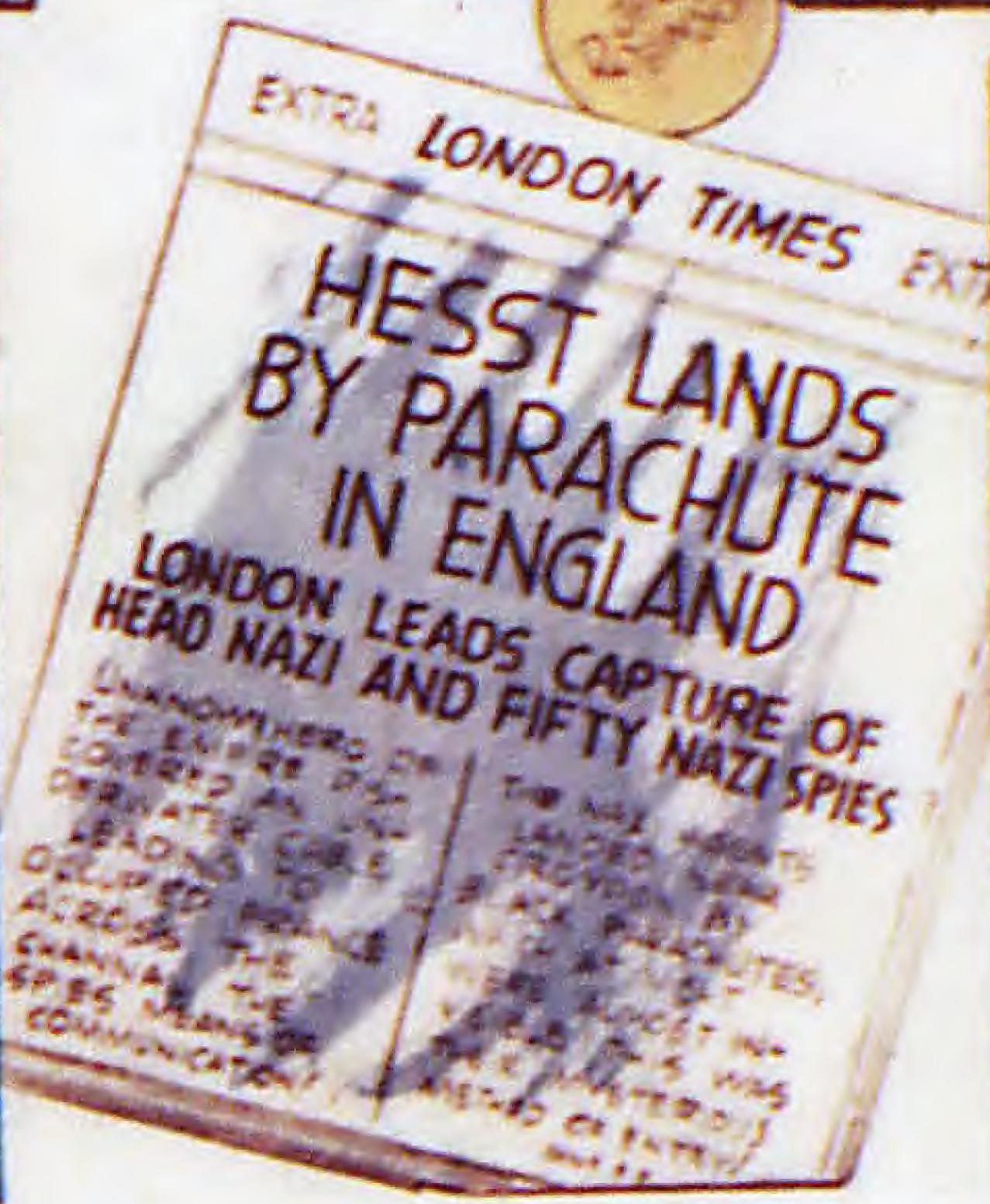
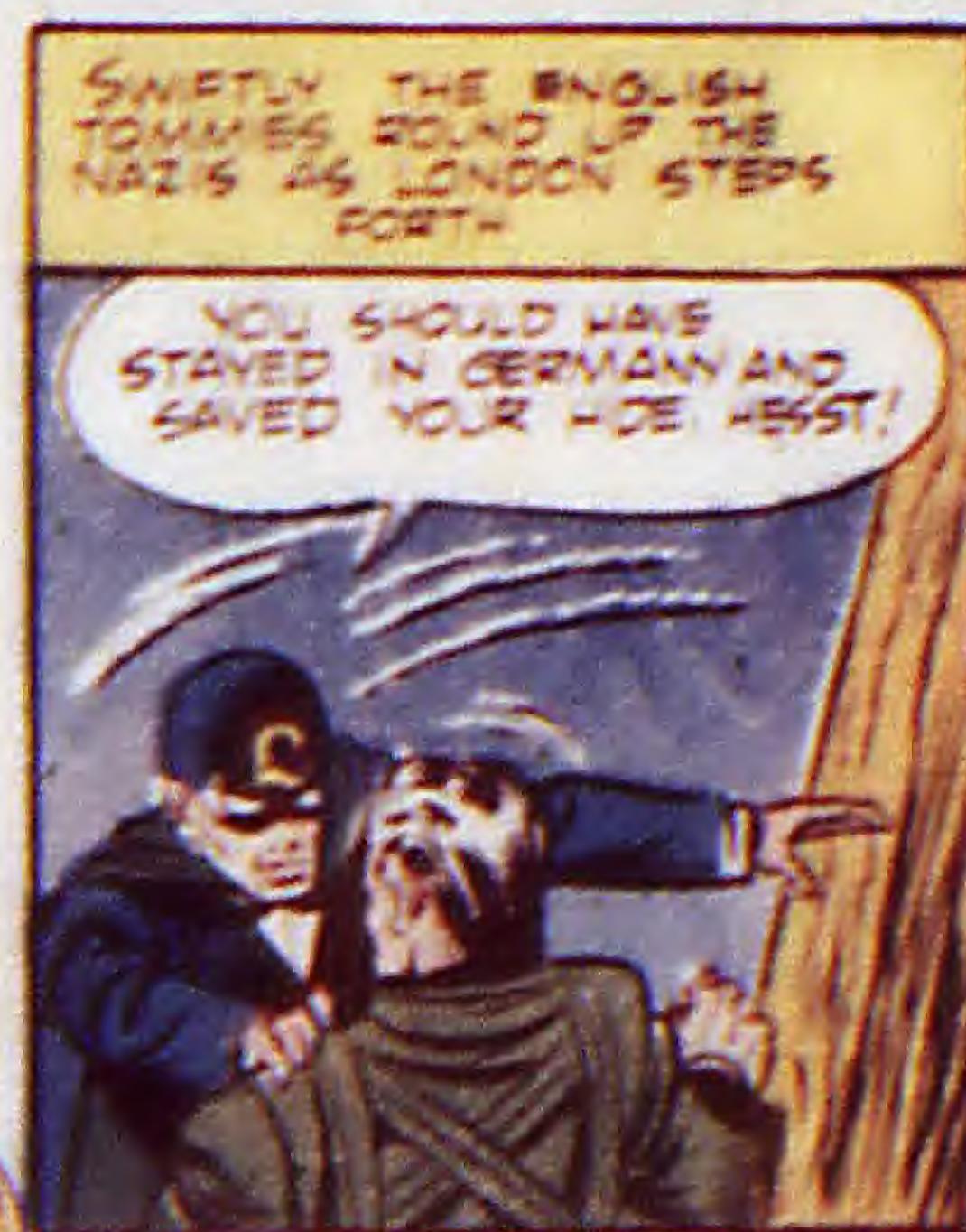
THE GOLDEN HOUR OF SILENT FIGHTING HAS ARRIVED. TOMMIES ARE PREPARED.

TOO BAD WE MISSED SALUTZ. HE MUST HAVE JUST GOT OUT IN TIME!

YES, BUT HESST AND THE BEST NAZI AGENTS WILL BE BIGGER CATCH!

SUDDENLY NAZI TRANSPORTS ROAR OVERHEAD... AND SILENTLY DROP THEIR CARGO OF AGENTS EQUIPPED WITH BLACK PARACHUTES...

THIS IS HOW THE DEADLY CLEVER MASTER OF ESPIONAGE HESST HAS FLOODED THE ISLAND WITH HIS SPIES. BLACK PARACHUTES WHICH, AT NIGHT BECOME ALMOST INVISIBLE-



PAT PATRIOT

AMERICA'S JOAN OF ARC

IN THE HEART OF AN ARMY CAMP —
PAT PATRIOT FINDS BREATH-TAKING
ADVENTURE — FAST ACTION AND —
CLOSE DEATH AS SHE MATCHES HER
FEMININE WIT AND CHARM AGAINST
THE BRAINIAC OF BIG-TIME CRIME —

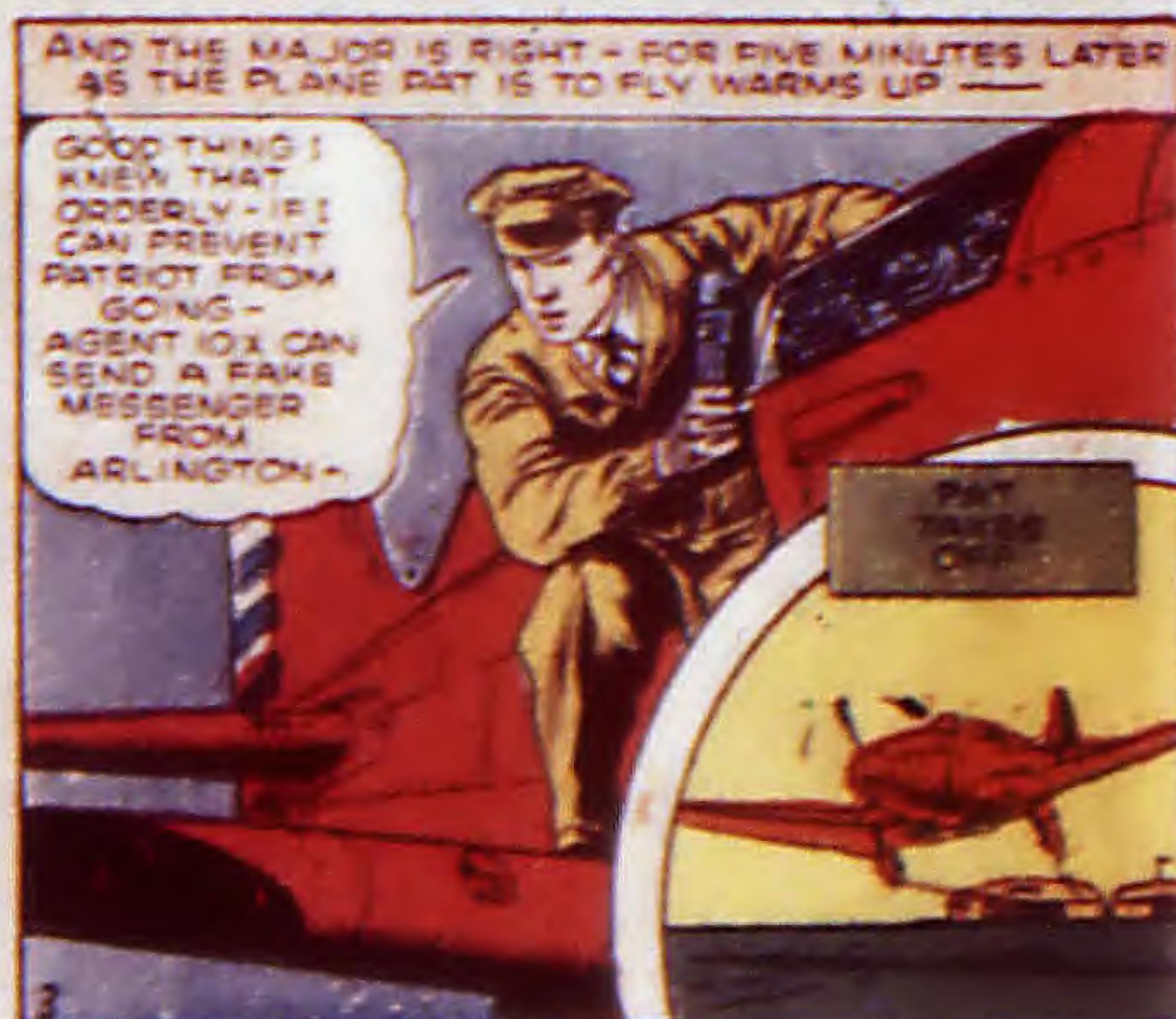
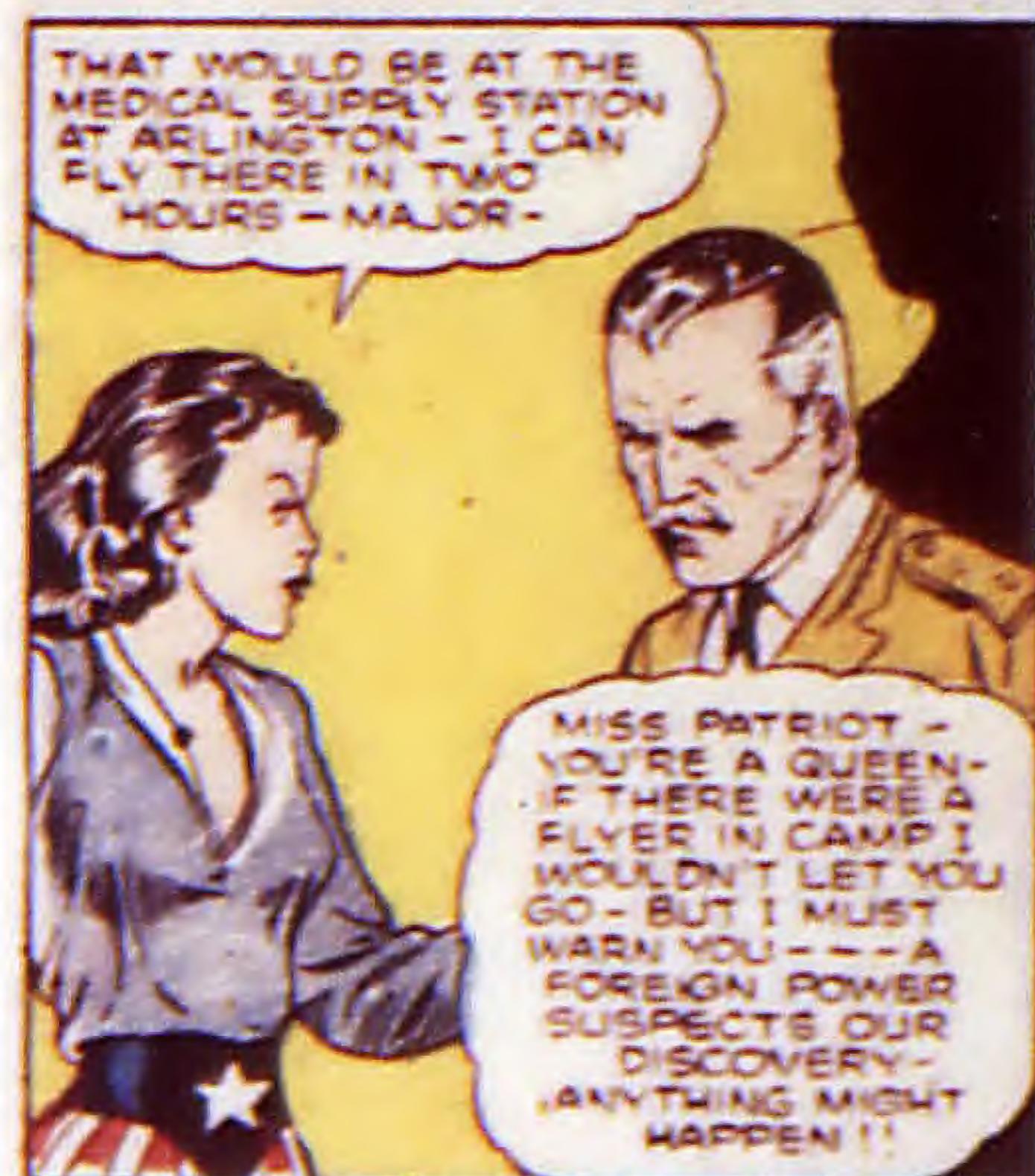
THIS BUS
RIDE
WILL JUST
GIVE ME
ENOUGH
TIME TO
THINK OF A
SHORT
SPEECH
I'VE GOT
TO
MAKE

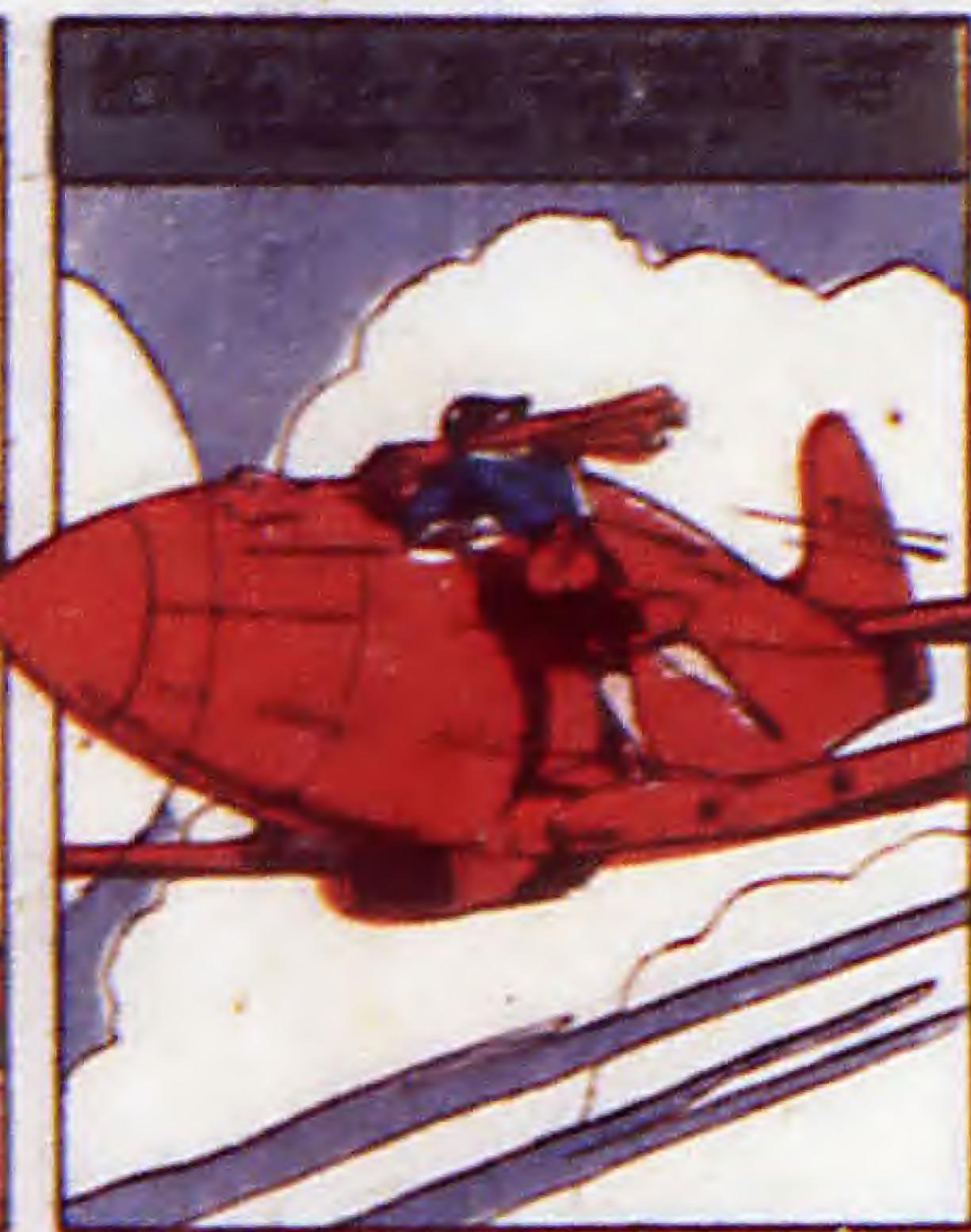
IMAGINE!
THE ARMY OFFICIALS
HAVE ASKED ME TO
COME TO A BIG
CELEBRATION AT THE
ARMY CAMP JUST BECAUSE
I HELPED CATCH THOSE
SABOTEURS AT THE
PLANE FACTORY!

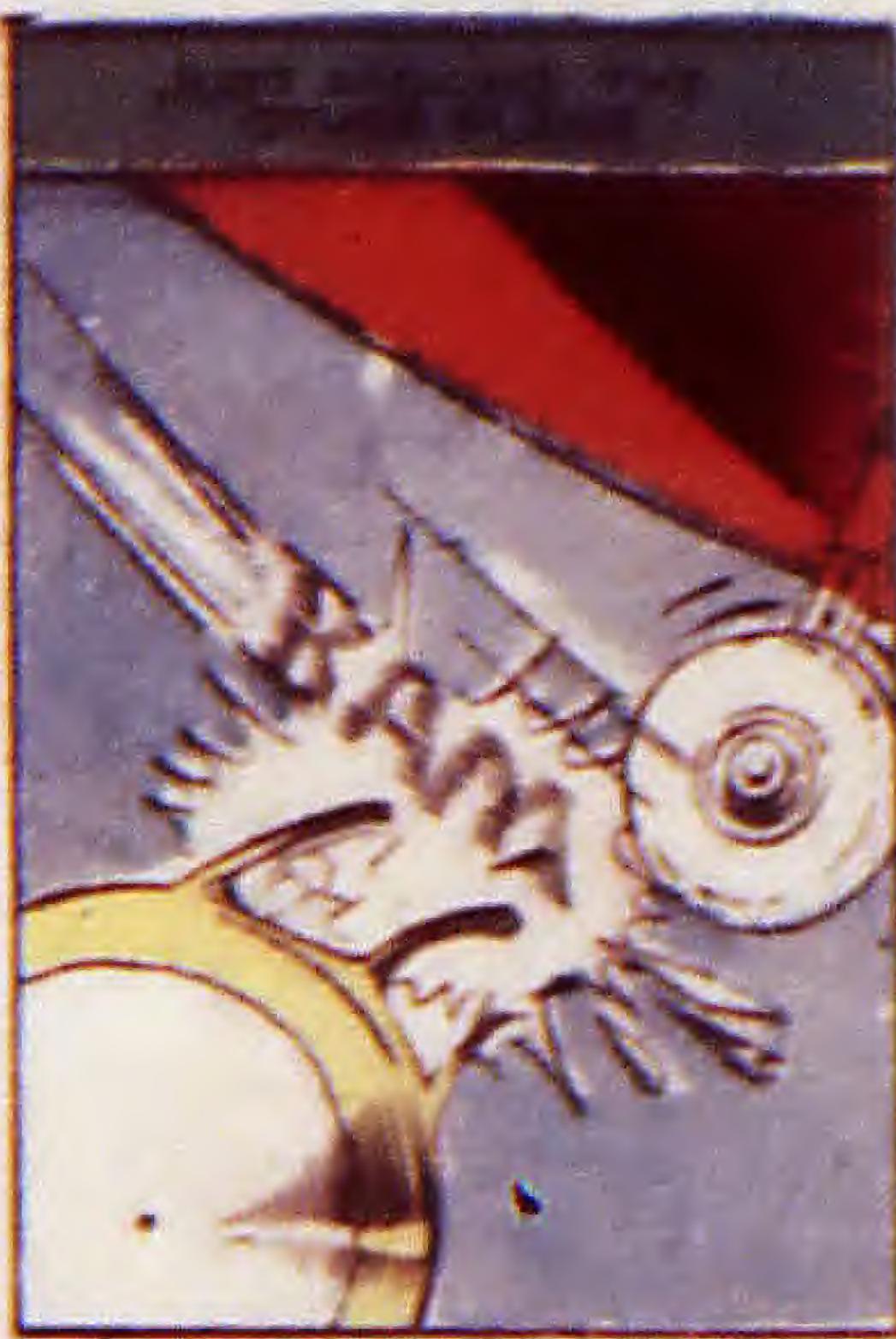
S-A-V! LOOKIT
THE CUTIE GETTIN
OFF THE BUS!

AT A
REST STOP
LATER











I SAW DAREDEVIL BATTLE THE CLAW

AS TOLD BY DICK WOOD



I SAW DAREDEVIL FIGHT THE CLAW
... yes, I really did!

There are a good many people who don't think there ever was such a conflict—but believe you me, I know. It was in 1940 and the Claw was just a rumor. I had heard weird tales of a monster creature that dwelt in the hill country of Tibet and was planning an attack on America.



but who could believe such a fantastic tale? I passed it off with a casual shrug and promptly forgot the matter.

Then— one evening, I visited the Playmore Room atop a building in Radio City, New York. I had often come to the Playmore to dine and dance. But tonight things seemed strangely different. The patrons were less joyous than usual; even the tempo of the music seemed to warn me of something mysterious about to occur. Then it happened:

Suddenly, a distant rumbling shook the entire skyscraper. Overhead a huge chandelier danced crazily, then smashed to the floor. Terrified voices pierced the air as some explanation for the mad swaying of the building was sought. Was it an explosion, an EARTHQUAKE? Desperately seeking escape, I rushed through the milling people to the terrace.

Outside, sixty stories above the street, I stopped short. I felt the blood drain from my face. A woman, choking with fright, fainted in my arms. Like some wild fantasy of the mind, a hideous, hairy claw was raised over nearby buildings! A fistful of humanity was clutched in its talons like so much mush. Then slowly an enormous head reared itself up—first, bristling eyebrows and slanting eyes; then the nose, if such it could be called; finally, the most hideous

*The giant mouth yawned open, shouting a challenge that rang through the city streets like the voice of doom.
"THE CLAW! ALL HAIL THE CLAW
... OR DIE!!!"*

"Now DAREDEVIL clutched a boomerang in his hand. I watched his arm come back in an easy motion and send it spinning straight at the head of the CLAW! CRACK!

The boomerang struck high on the CLAW'S forehead!"

of all, a gigantic mouth dripping saliva and lined with fangs like elephant tusks.

The giant mouth yawned open, shouting a challenge that rang through the city streets like the voice of doom, "THE CLAW! ALL HAIL THE CLAW... OR DIE!"

It is impossible for me to give you a realistic picture of the horrible havoc this monstrosity of existence was creating. It was far too terrible by the mind to realize. But certain scenes were imprinted vividly in my mind as if they had been branded there. Those persons who had not already collapsed from fright were in a state of mass insanity. Down below on the street, terror-stricken drivers smashed their cars through store windows, mowed down pedestrians and careened insanely into each other.

On Fifth Avenue, a fleet of double-deck buses tore towards Central Park, desperately attempting to escape the havoc. Like a stampede of buffalo, they crushed all before them... until they reached the Central Savings Bank, where a truck blocked the street. In seconds, the entire cavalcade was reduced to a mass of wreckage.

From a building across the way a young couple, crazed with fear, jumped to their death.

As the Claw threw his head back in wild, maniacal laughter at the destruction, a figure in evening clothes suddenly jumped to the ledge before me. Thinking this to be another suicide, I clutched his waist to drag him back. Muscles like granite shook off my fingers and slammed me back. Quickly the figure turned and spoke quickly, then whipping off his clothes, he stood outlined against the sky, in distinctive red and blue attire.

"Daredevil," I gasped, struggling to my feet. Like a panther, Daredevil crept along the

building ledge, then leapt to another, moving closer and closer to the Claw! Did Daredevil really plan to battle the Claw? I asked myself. What could one man—no matter how powerful—do against such a gigantic figure? In amazement, I stood on the window ledge and watched his stealthy approach. How little I realized I had a ringside seat to the greatest battle of all time!

Now Daredevil clutched a boomerang in his hand. I watched his arm come back in an easy motion and send it spinning straight at the head of the Claw! CRACK! The boomerang struck high on the Claw's forehead.

Swinging around like a crazed animal, the creature opened his tremendous jaws in a cry which I hope I shall never hear again. His wail of rage blasted through the city streets like a tornado and swept nearby rooftops clean of debris.

Then he spied Daredevil. With one powerful sweep, he slammed his fist down upon him.

But Daredevil had moved with the speed of light and, as the Giant pulverized half of the building top, he bounded off it onto another and came straight at the Claw, feet first. So lightning-like was Daredevil that the monster had no chance to dodge. Square into his right eye, Daredevil jumped; then slid away from the flailing arms, down onto the street and under cover.

A command from the Claw! ... and whatever



hope I might have held for Daredevil's victory disappeared. From a giant tunnel, which had escaped my notice during the excitement, a yellow horde of Asiatics poured forth in a frenzy. The cry rang out: "DEATH TO DAREDEVIL... DEATH TO DAREDEVIL!"

A boring machine was brought into play, evidently the same one which had enabled the Claw to bore underground from his retreat in Tibet to New York City. It was all so fantastic and yet, here it was being enacted before my very eyes!

Now Daredevil was in retreat with the boring machine following his every move. Through buildings, over rooftops... still the machine followed in his wake with amazing speed like some strange bug. Then I saw Daredevil totter as he attempted to scale a building, totter and fall to the street below. My heart sank as I saw the machine pull to a stop and empty ten or fifteen warriors out upon him. Egged on by the Claw's cry of "KILL! KILL!" they brandished knives and rushed toward the prostrate figure.

It was then that the surprise move of all time occurred. Daredevil's arm shot back like a piston and sent a boomerang streaking at the mob. The crack of skulls resounded through the air as it struck like speckled lightning against the hard heads of the Asiatics; then returned, only to speed out again and mutilate the machine crew.

Seeing the situation, the Claw entered the fray. He swooped down, shouting to all that he would finish this slippery eel himself.

But by this time Daredevil had polished off the last of the crew and gained possession of the machine. The giant hand of the Claw descended upon it... to be yanked instantly away with a screech of pain. The sharp rotary blades of the machine had been turned on, gouging the Claw's hand as it struck.

The tables were turned now. Straight at the Claw, Daredevil drove the whirling machine. Try as he might, the Tibetan monster could not avoid his own invention.

Straight toward his own tunnel, Daredevil drove the Claw. Then cornering him at the en-

trance, he leaped out of the machine, boomerang in hand.

With boomerang, hands and feet, Daredevil battled the creature. Trying desperately to reach Daredevil, the Claw's talons tore the air. But it was useless.

Again and again, the boomerang raised huge welts on the Claw's gruesome skull. Both eyes were now closed from the blows. Blindly, he staggered, cursing into the tunnel entrance.

Daredevil reached into the machine for a moment, then pulled out several large sticks of dynamite. Down into the tunnel he threw them, after the retreating Claw. The entire tunnel entrance caved in from the blast but, unfortunately, as we know now, the Claw had not been killed.

A week later, the whole tunnel straight to the sea had been destroyed by police. Daredevil, meanwhile, had disappeared. No reward could be given him for saving from certain destruction the greatest city in the world. And still only Tonia knew his real identity. Tonia and myself. Perhaps you are slow to believe this story... but, if you ever visit New York, I can show you a nick in the Empire State building where Daredevil's boomerang struck during the battle.

FINISH

DAREDEVIL'S PUNCH-OF-THE-MONTH

THE RIGHT UPPERCUT

This is a tricky punch to throw fighters — remember to always keep the left foot forward and slide the blow upward along the body. This enables you to get the full punching power. DON'T ever let this punch go without being almost certain it will land! A miss leaves you wide open.

Gotta go now — see you next month with a new one.

Daredevil



Here's Your Chance, Fellas!

\$100.00 IN PRIZES GIVEN AWAY

► **NOTHING TO BUY!**
► **NOTHING TO SELL!**

The artists who draw for
DAREDEVIL COMICS and
the features they now
draw are as follows:

Daredevil...Charles Biro

The Claw....Bob Wood

Nightro.....Inky Russo

The Whirlwind..."Bernie"

Pat Patriot

Chuck Woodrow

London...Jerry Robinson

Real American No. 1

Dick Briefer

Dash Dillon....Ed Ashe

1. What feature in **DAREDEVIL COMICS** do you like best?
2. What new feature would you suggest, and why?
3. Which of our artists would you prefer to draw it?

All you have to do is just write us a letter. First tell us which comic strip you like best in **DAREDEVIL COMICS**. Next, suggest the name and idea for a new comic strip character. We are looking for new ideas. What kind of a character would you like to see in **DAREDEVIL COMICS** and what would you like him to do. And let us know which of our artists you would like to draw that strip.

Send in your letter at once. It must be mailed not later than midnight, August 20th to be counted—the sooner the better.

We will pay \$50.00 for the best letter, and there are 27 other cash prizes.

Send your letter immediately to:

Contest Editor
DAREDEVIL COMICS
114 East 32nd St.,
New York City

RULES OF THE CONTEST

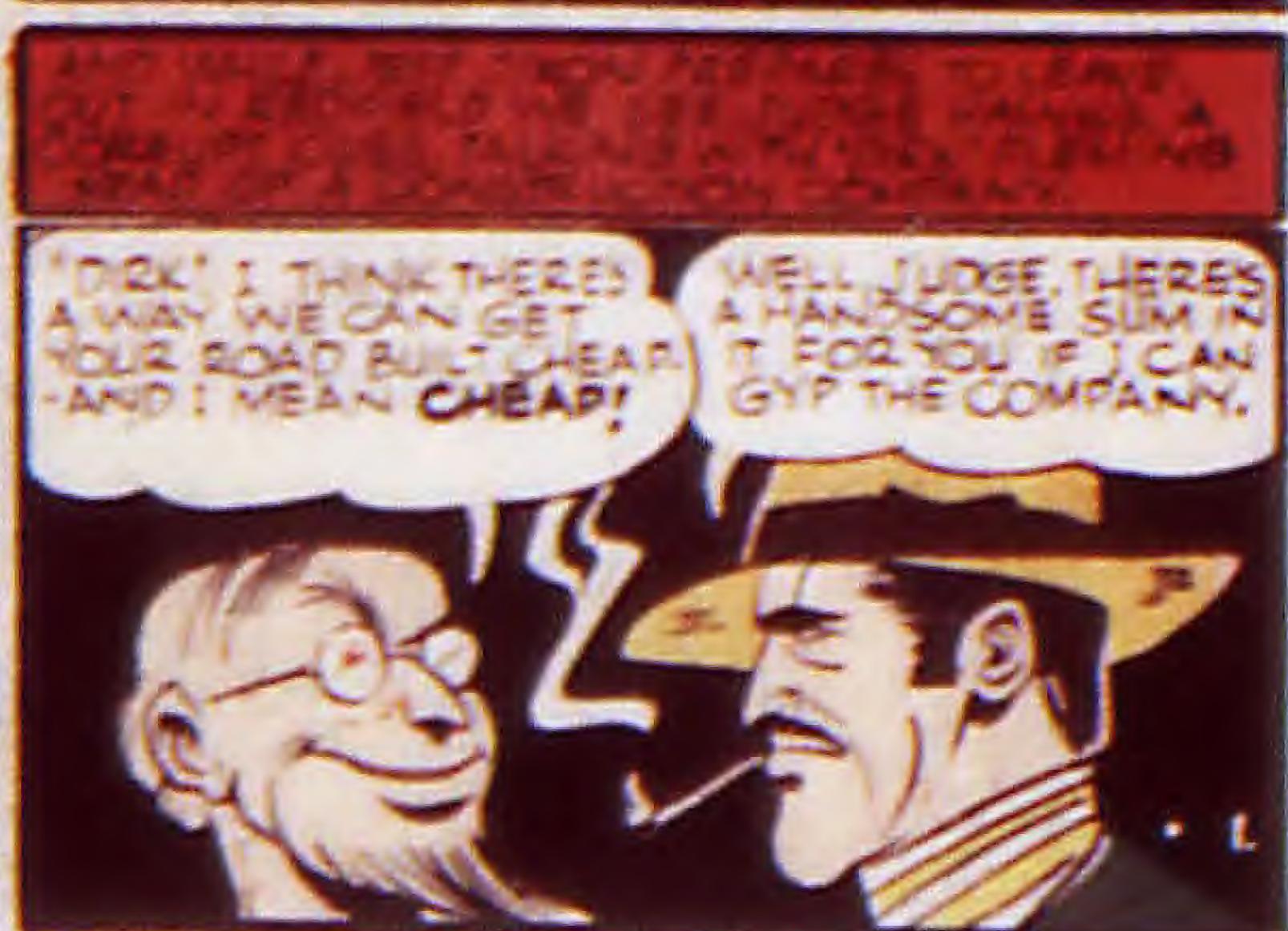
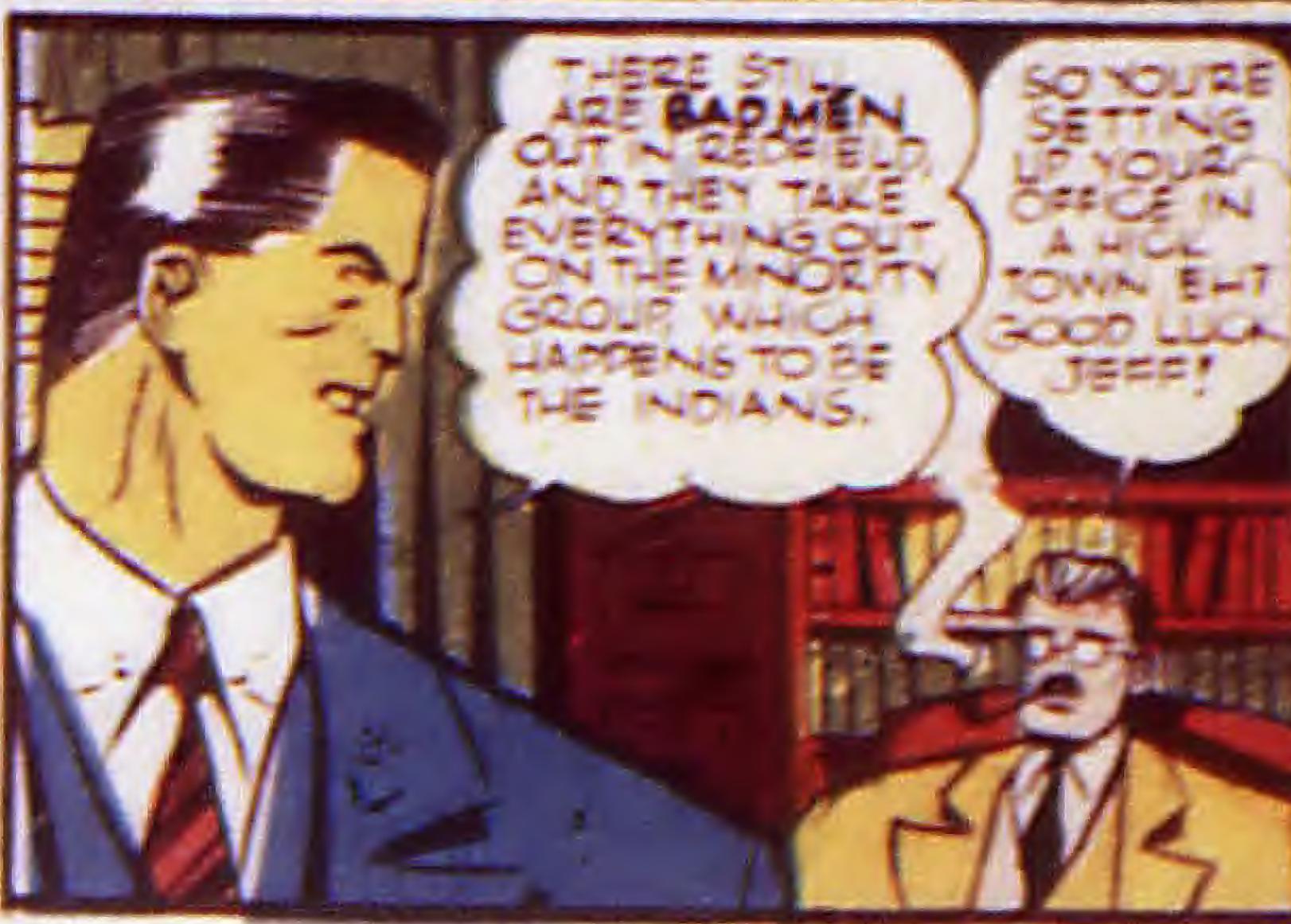
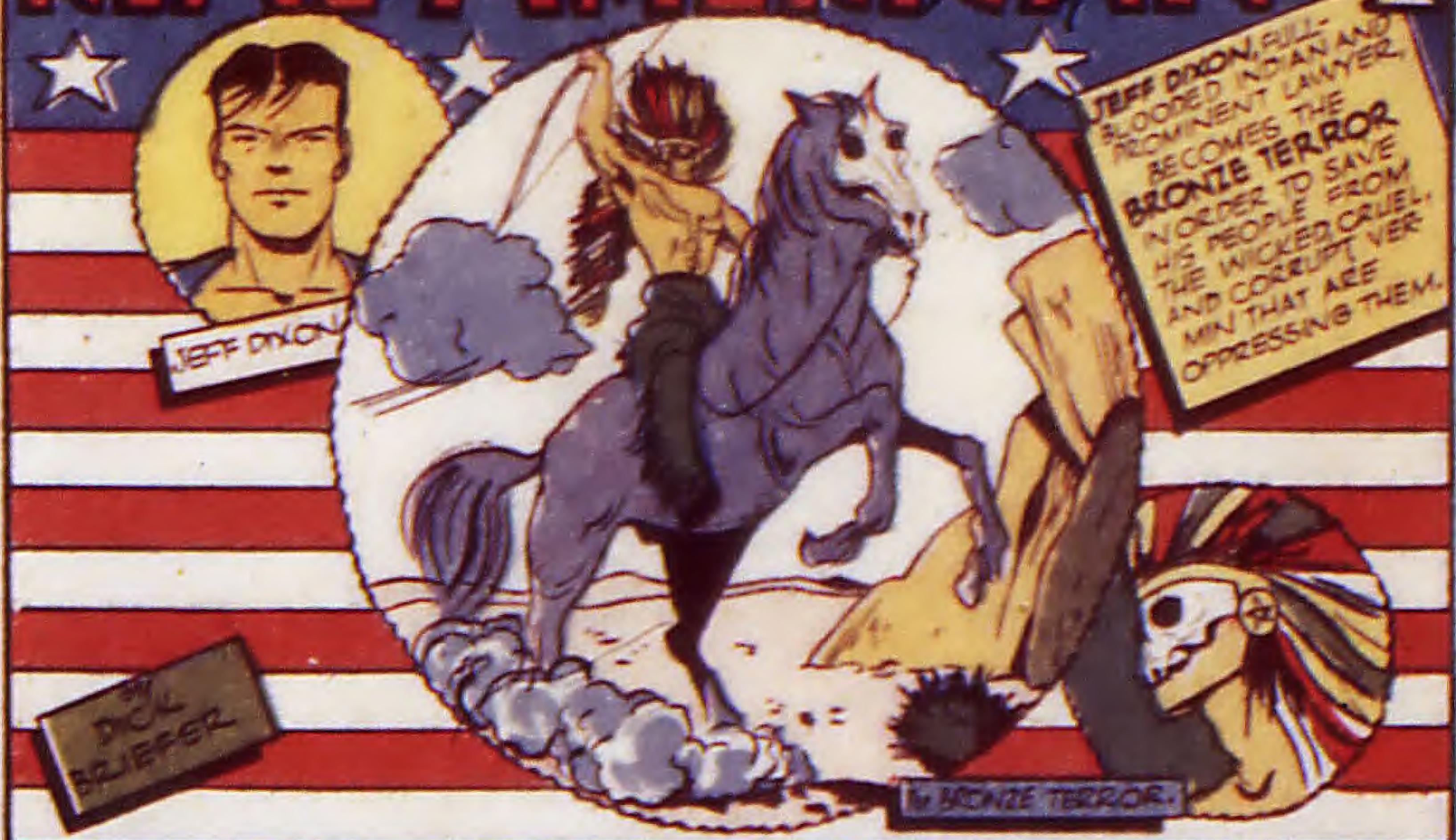
1. Letters should not be more than 150 words. All three questions must be answered.
 1. Which feature you like best in **DAREDEVIL COMICS**
 2. Your suggestion for a new feature
 3. The artist you would like to draw it
2. Letters must be mailed not later than midnight of August 20th.
3. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
4. The editors of **DAREDEVIL COMICS** will be the sole judges.
5. All letters become the property of **DAREDEVIL COMICS**.
6. Be sure to give your full name, address, age.
7. Announcement of the winners will be made as soon as possible after August 20th.

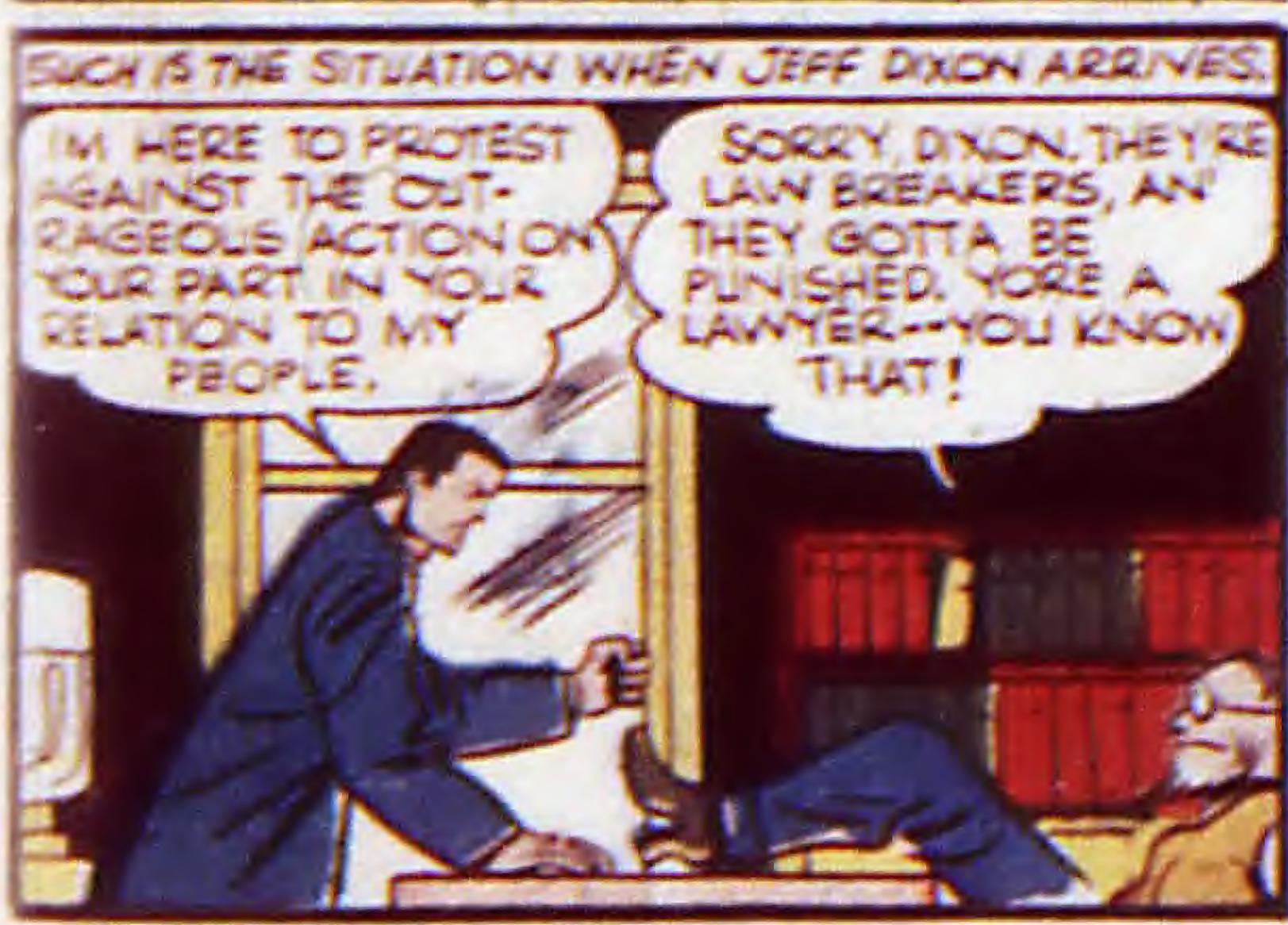
LIST OF PRIZES

1st PRIZE . . . ;	\$50.00
2nd PRIZE . . .	\$15.00
3rd PRIZE . . .	\$10.00
25 additional prizes of \$1.00 each. You may easily win.	

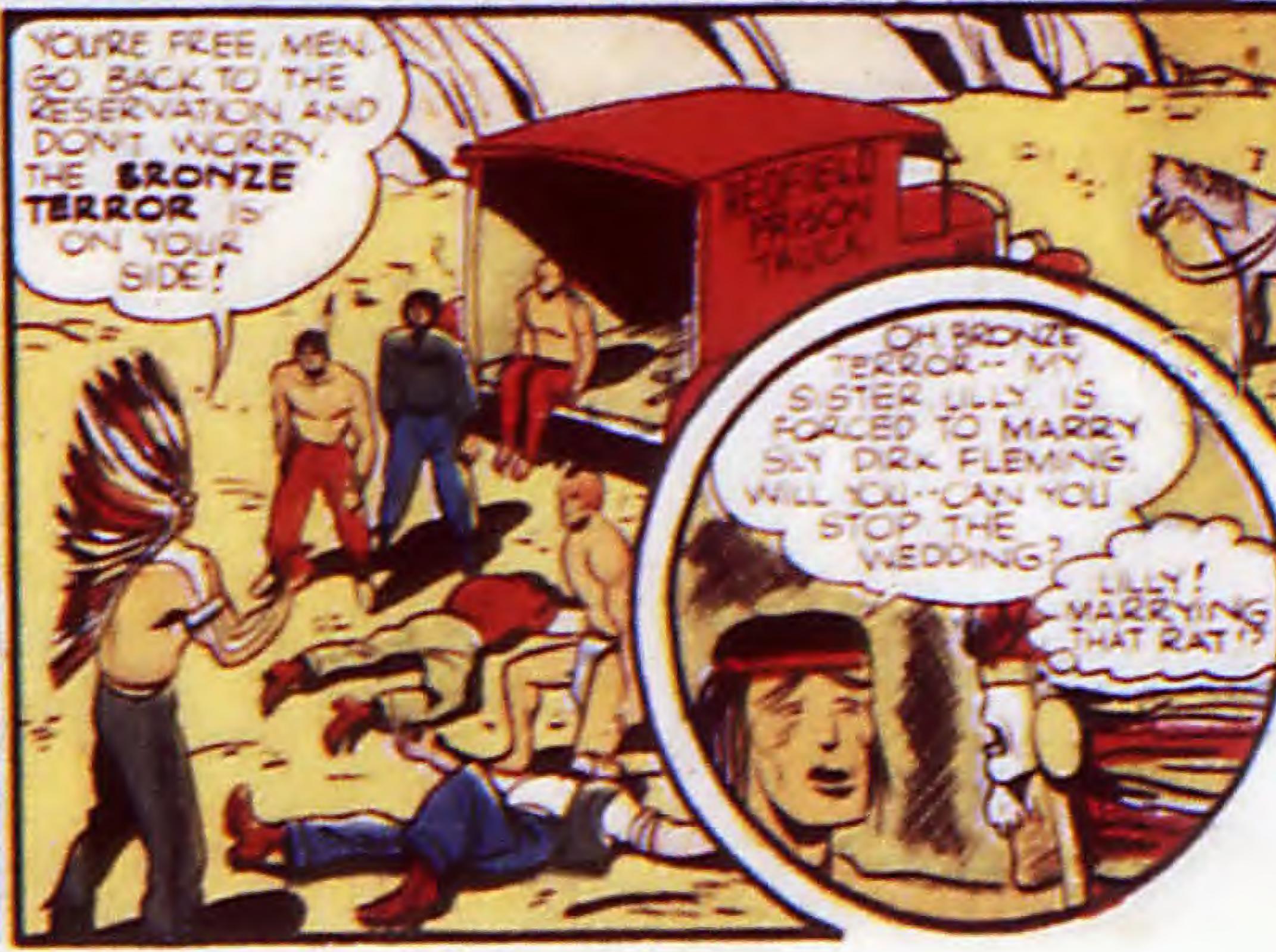
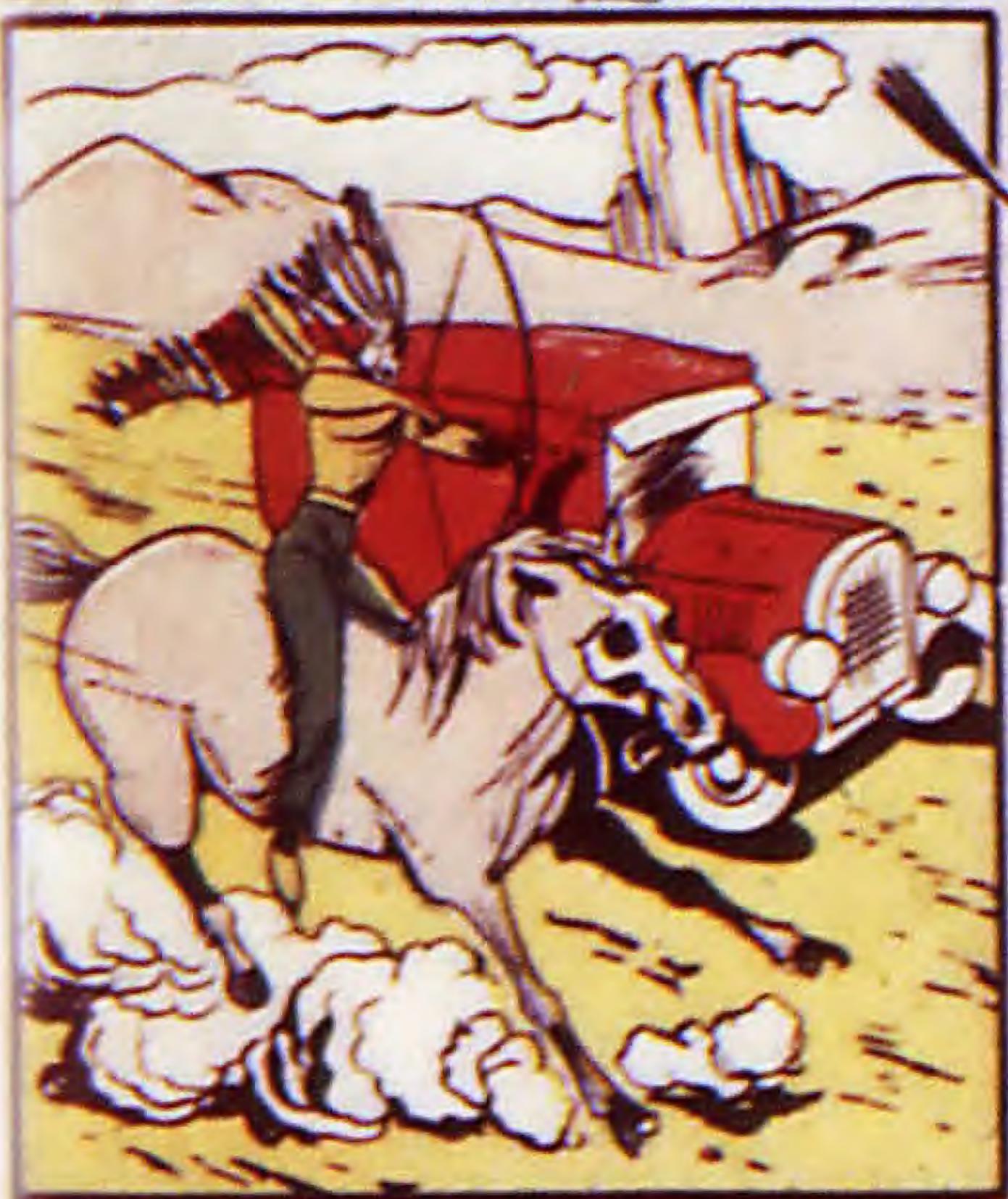
Send your letter in today.

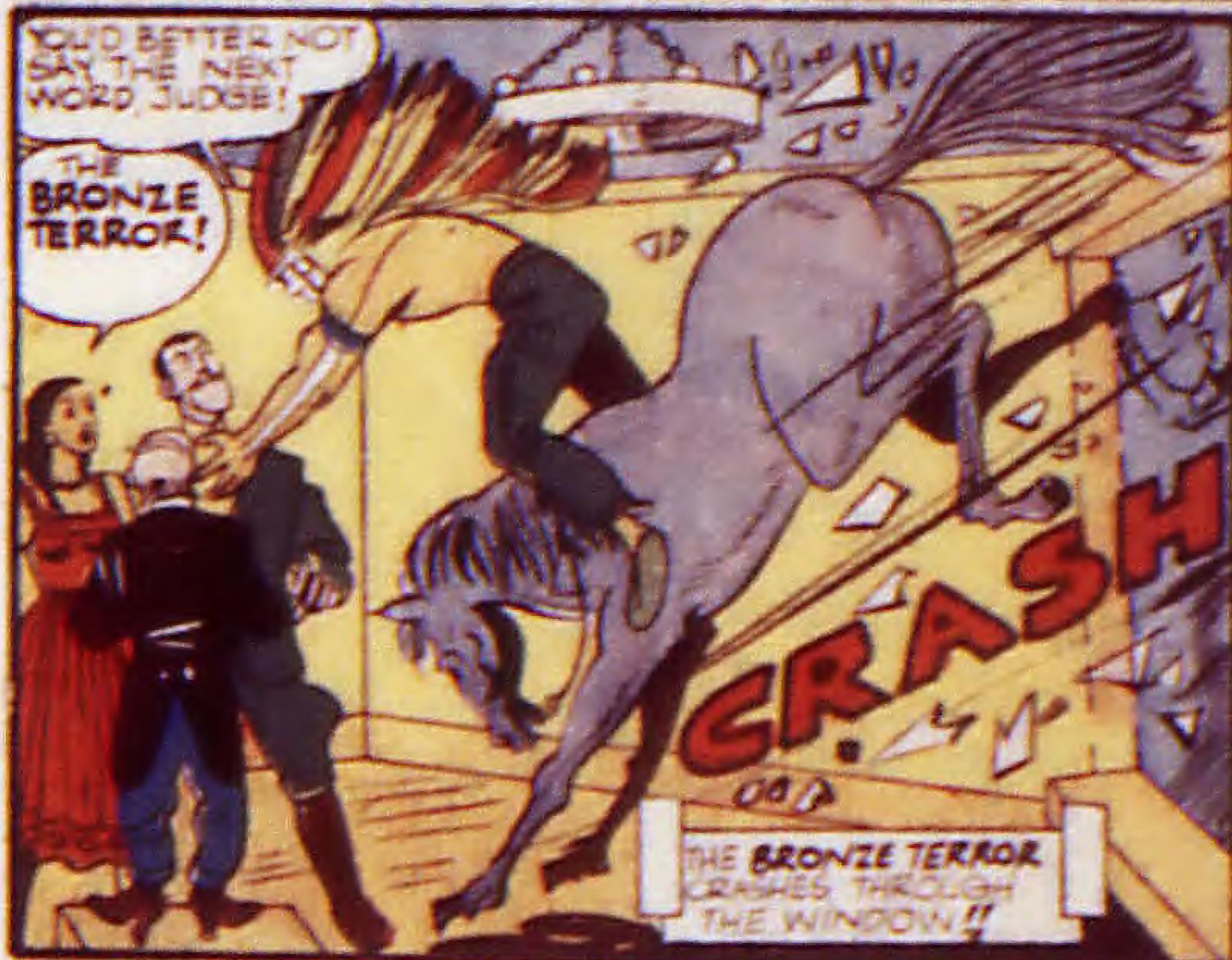
REAL AMERICAN #1

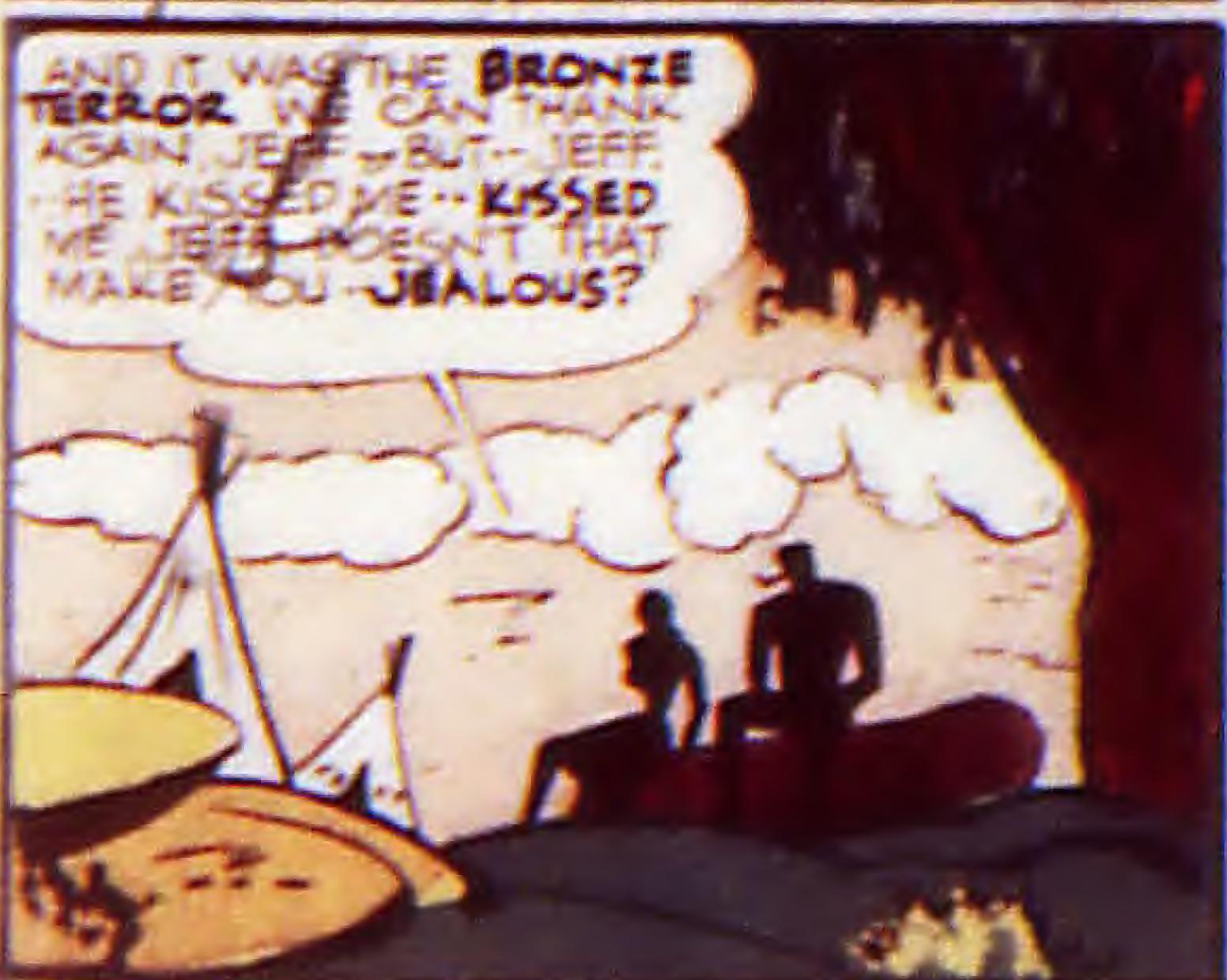












OK, KIDS! TIE A
STRING AROUND
YOUR FINGER
TO REMIND YOU
TO GET THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
DAREDEVIL COMICS

WHEN YOU READ
REAL AMERICAN NO. 1
YOU... THANK YOUR
LUCKY STARS YOU
ARE A REGULAR
READER!

STAR SPORTS

WHIRLWIND K.O.'S JONES IN 2ND

BY DICK WOOD

A SMASHING RIGHT CROSS TO THE CHIN, COMING IN TWO MINUTES AND NINE SECONDS OF THE SECOND ROUND, SENT BUDDY JONES CRASHING TO THE DECK IN HIS OWN CORNER FOR THE FATAL COUNT.

THIS WAS THE 15TH TIME IN AS MANY BOUTS THAT THE FORMER LUMBERJACK HAS FLATTENED HIS FOE AT THE RAT - THIS YOUNG BLONDE BOMBER IS GOING, THE CHAMP IS DUE FOR PLENTY OF TROUBLE -- AND SOON!



by
BERNIE

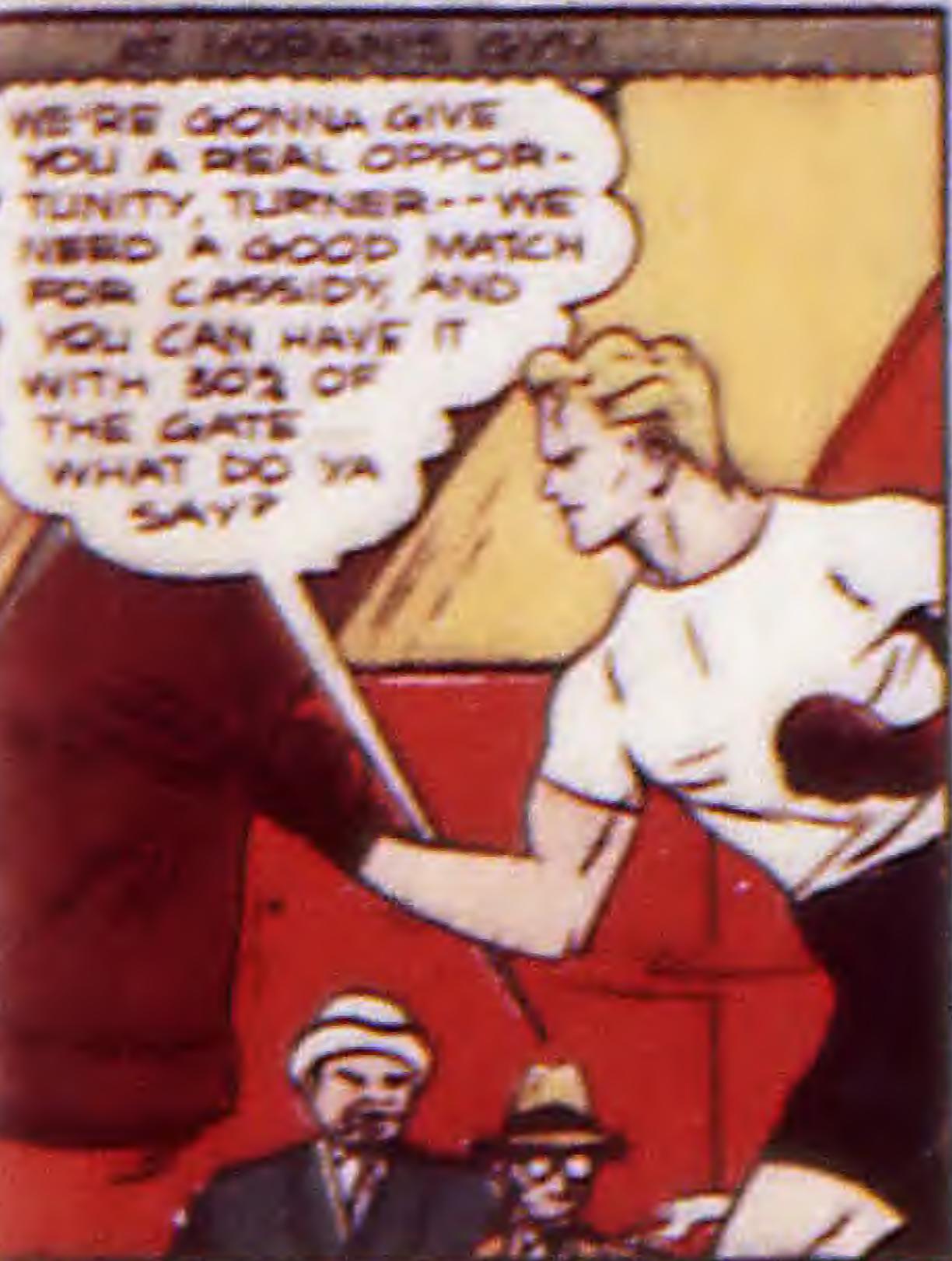
Characteristics: Alert

THE NEXT DAY MIKE COSTELLO AND OHL AGAIN TWO
OF THE CITY'S SHIEST FIGHT PROMOTERS, SEE
AN OPPORTUNITY

IT'S A NATURAL -- EVERYONE'S GOIN'
WACKY ABOUT THIS WHIRLWIND
GUY! IF WE MATCH HIM WITH
CASSIDY, THE BUILD
UP WILL BE TERRIFIC
WHEN OUR BOY
PINS HIS EARS
BACK!!

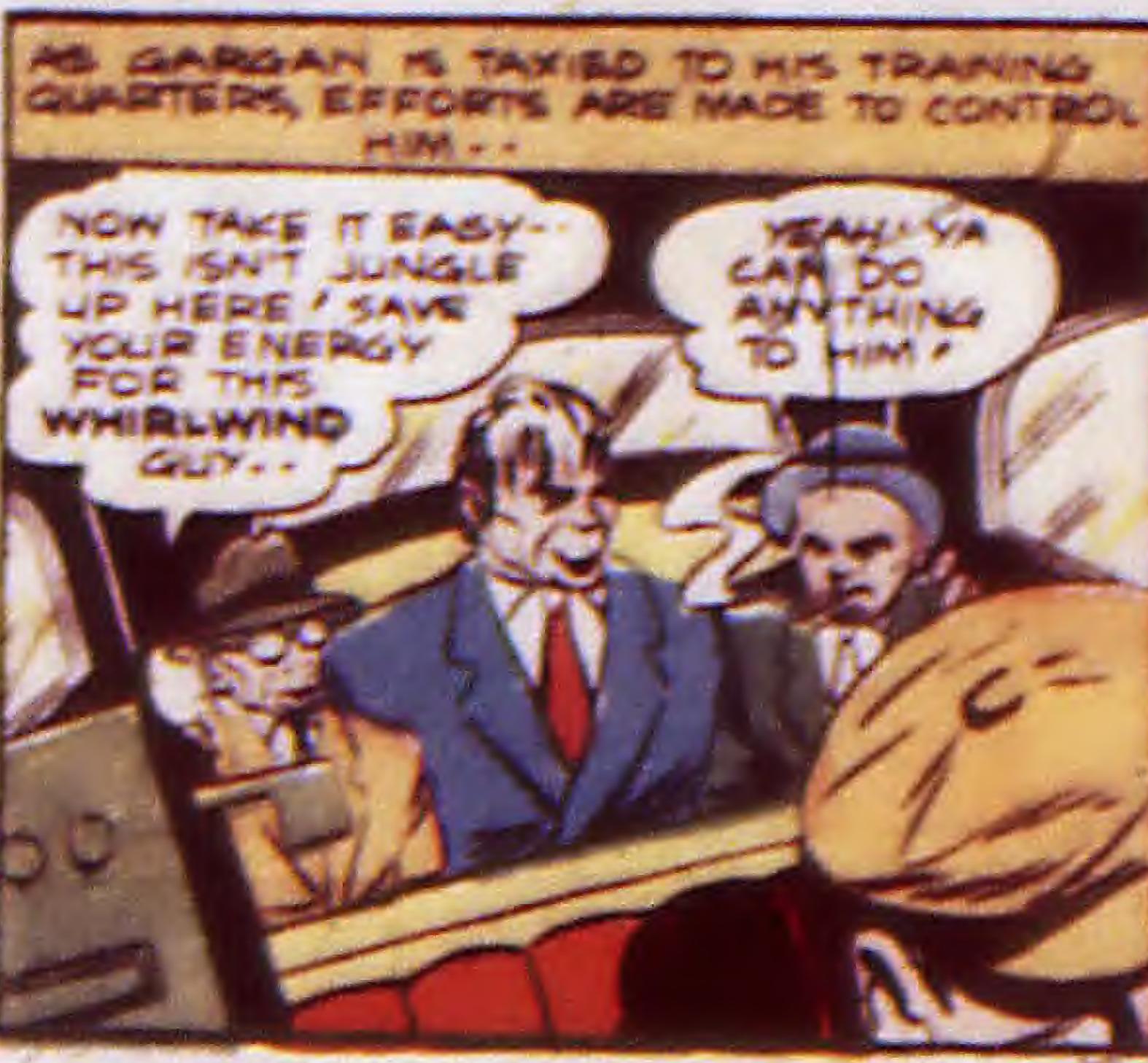
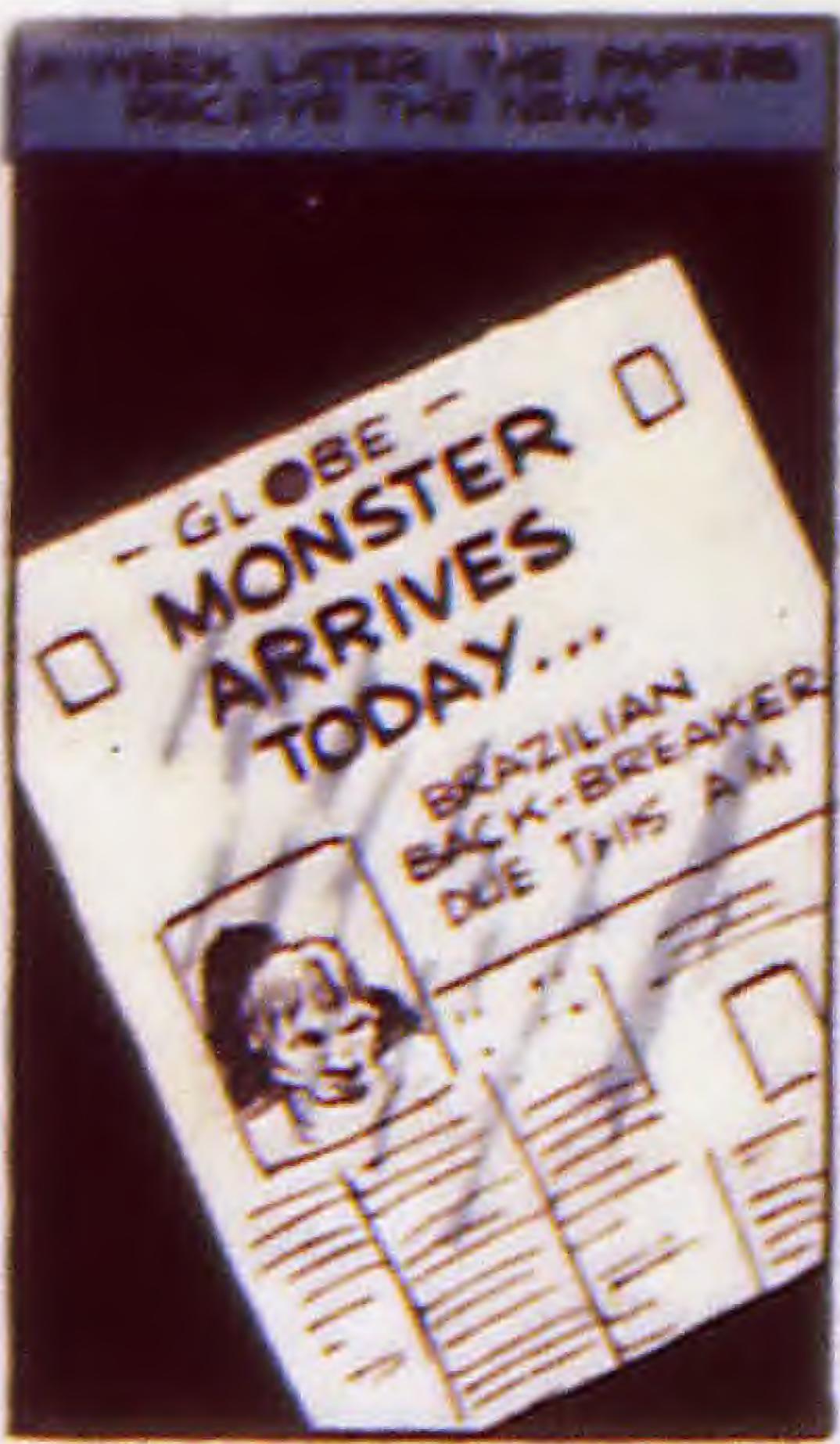
IF OUR
FIGHTER
WINS, WE'LL
GET A SHOT
AT THE TITLE--
BUT WHAT IF
WHIRLWIND PUTS
HIM TO SLEEP?

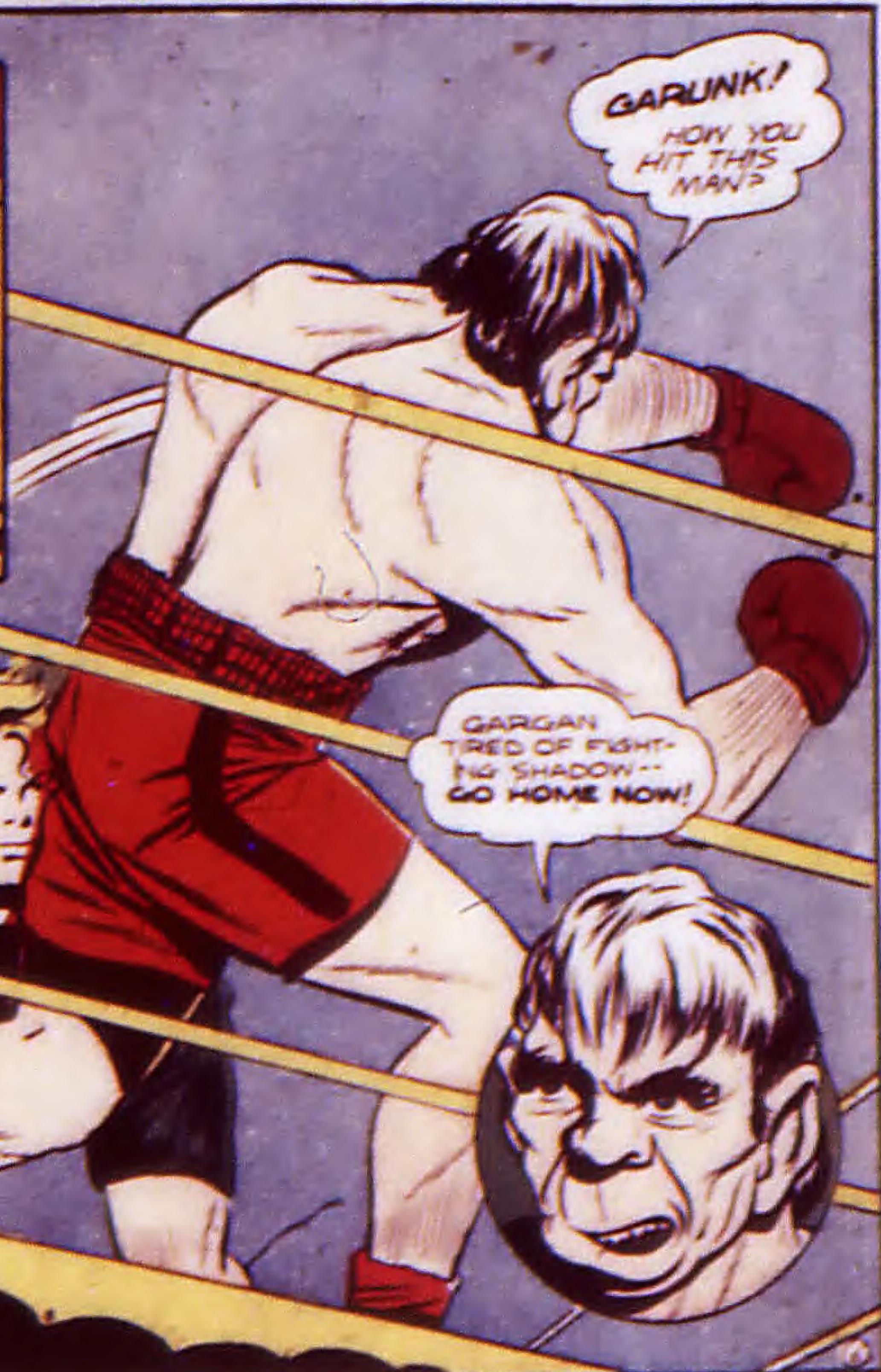
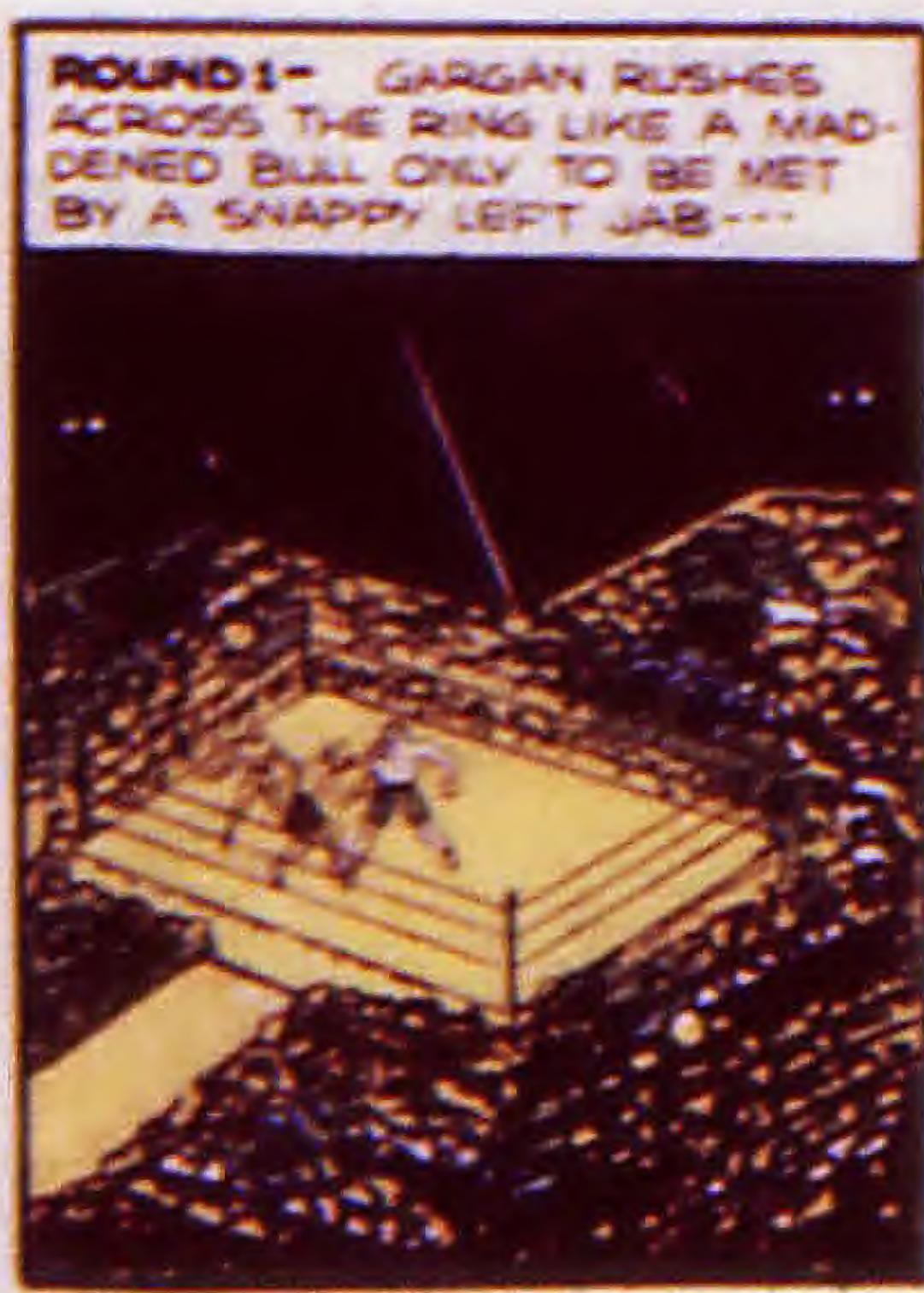
DON'T BE A DOME!
TERRY TURNER'S A GOOD
FIGHTER, SURE -- BUT
WHO'S HE LICKED?
NOTHIN' BUT SECOND
RATEDS 'OUR
BOY WILL
FLATTEN
HIM INSIDE
OF FOUR
HEATS!!

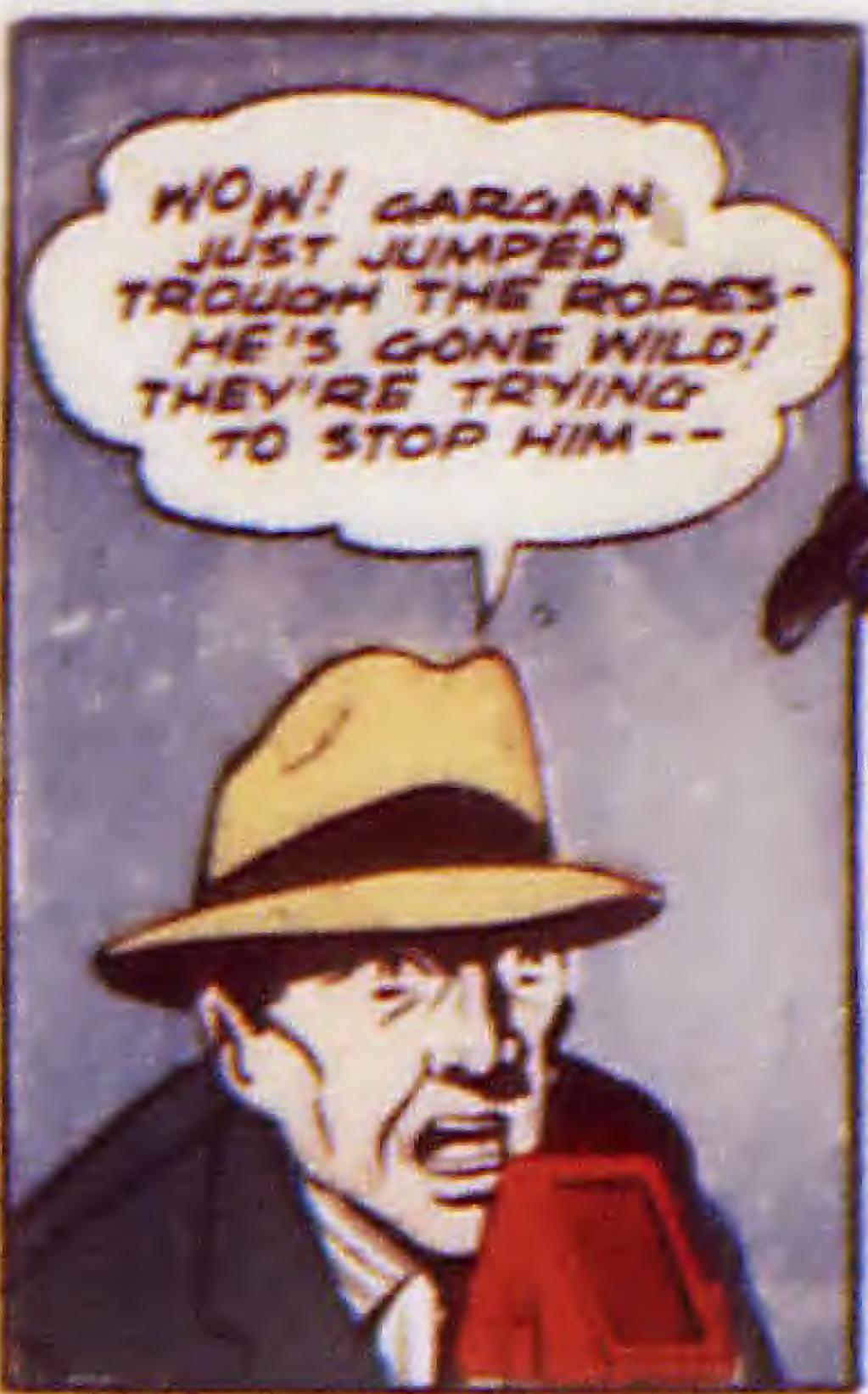












DASH DILLON

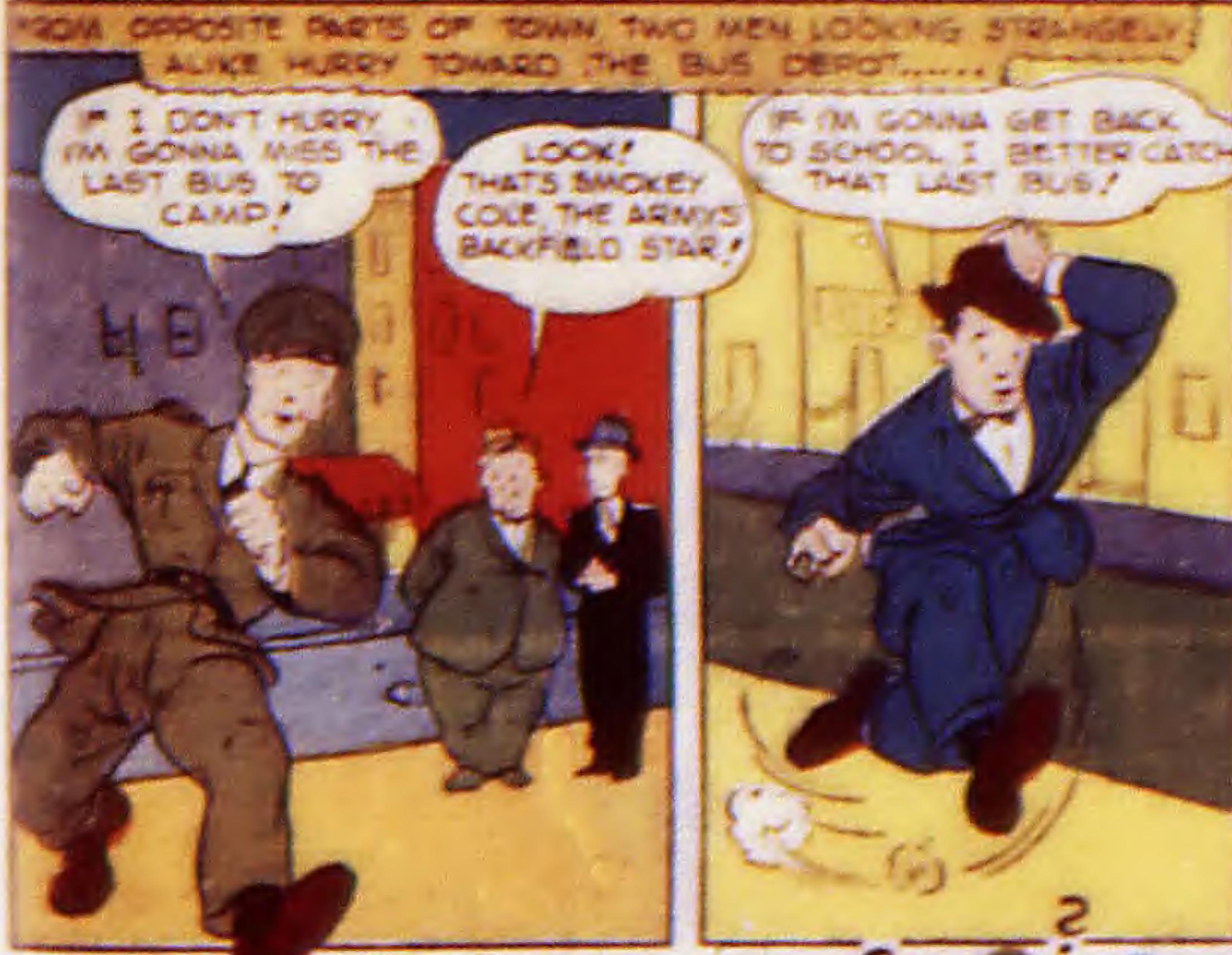
NOW MAZIE, IF WE CAN GET THIS HERE DASH DILLON OUT OF THE GAME THE ARMY TEAMS SURE TO WIN. SO WE PICK UP PLENTY POTATOES ON BETS AND WE CUT YOU IN ONE-THIRD SEE?

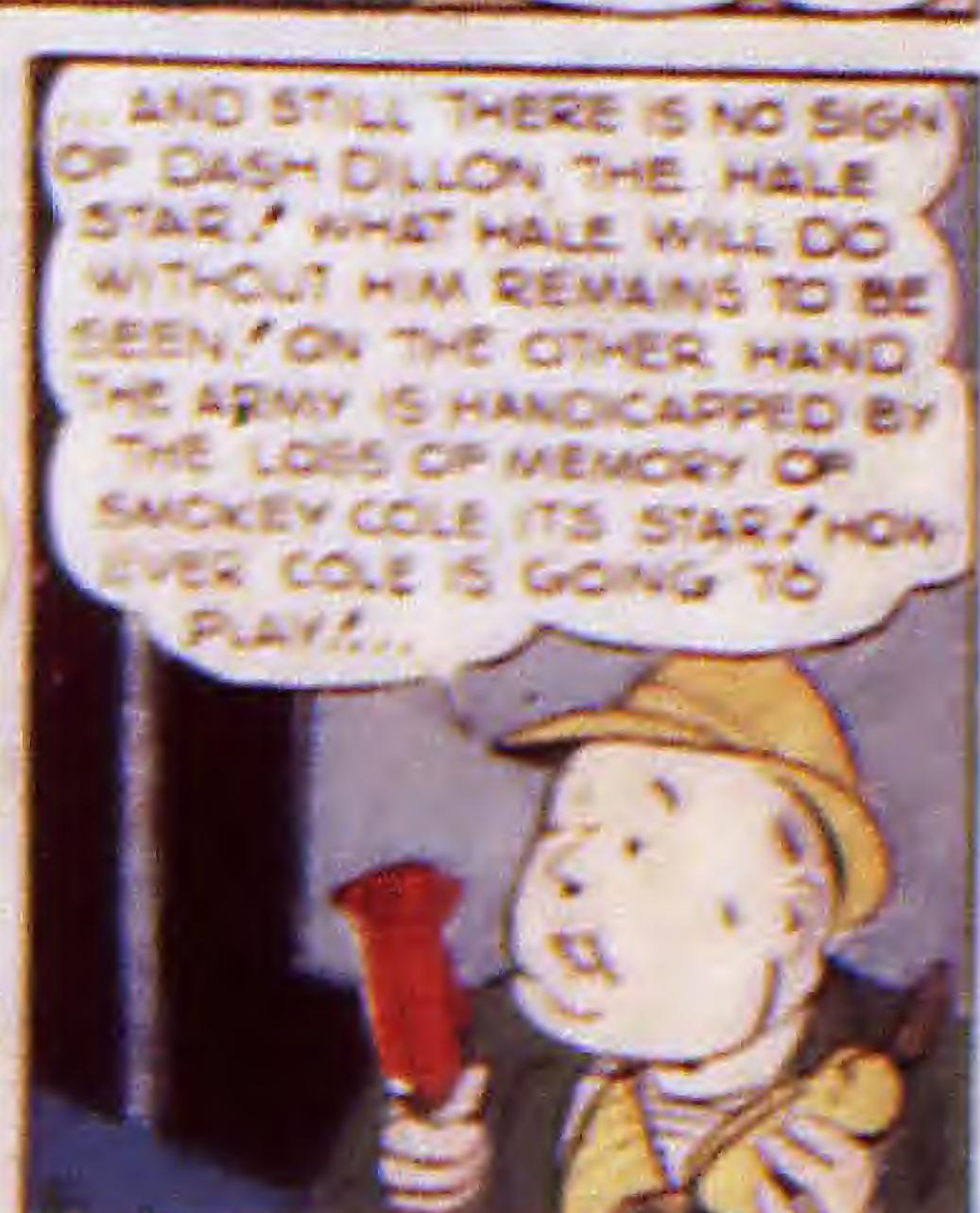
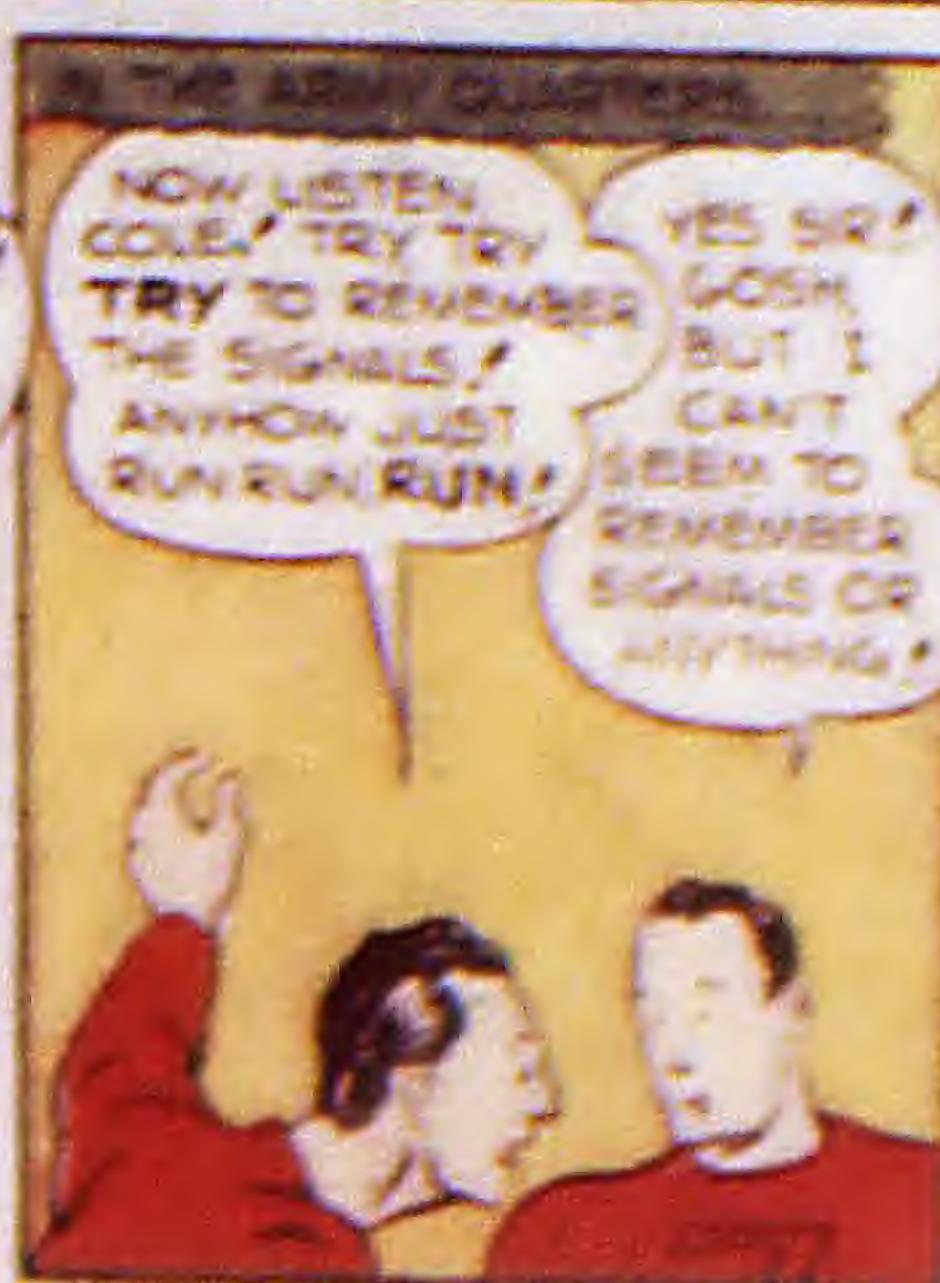
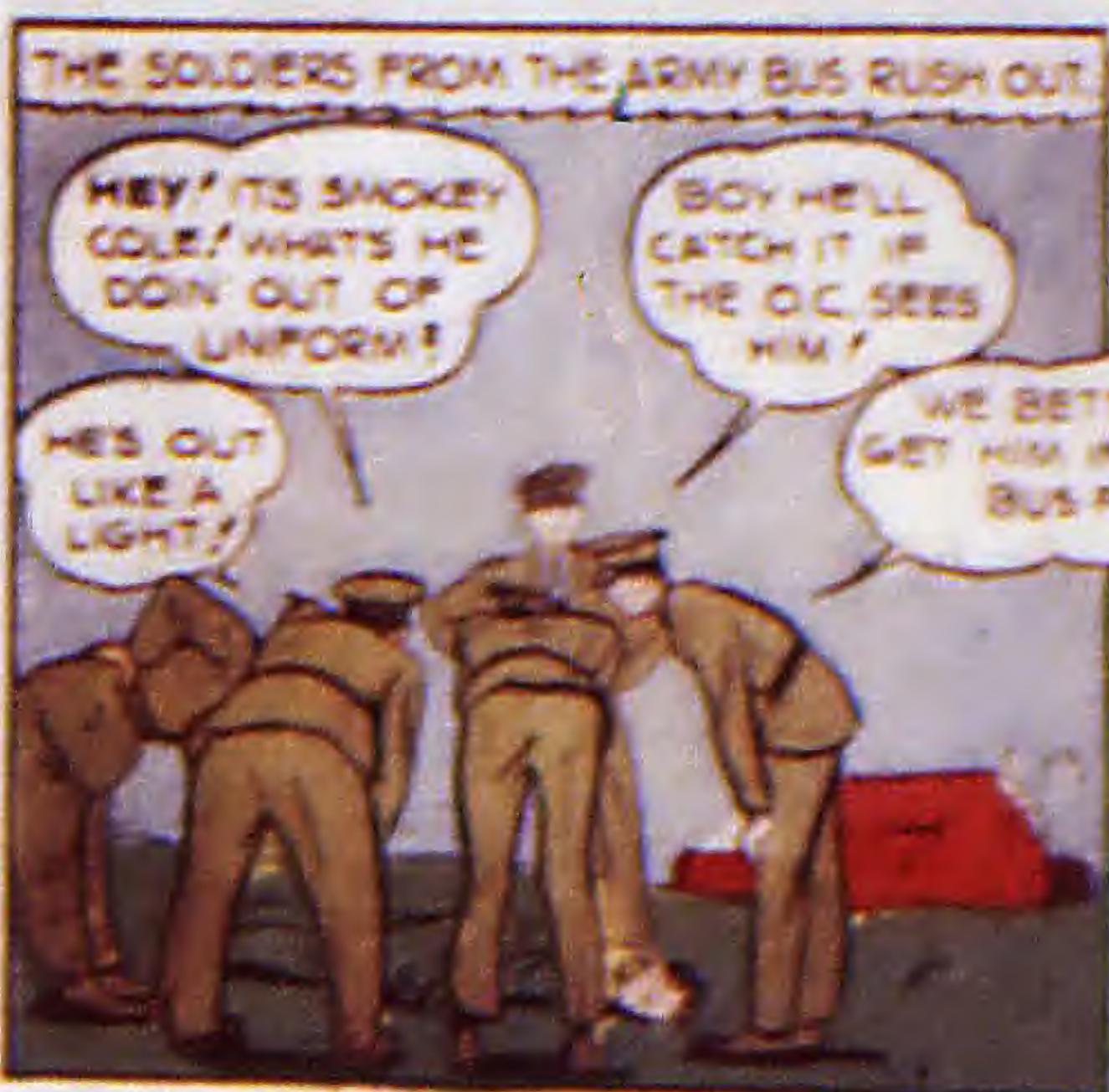
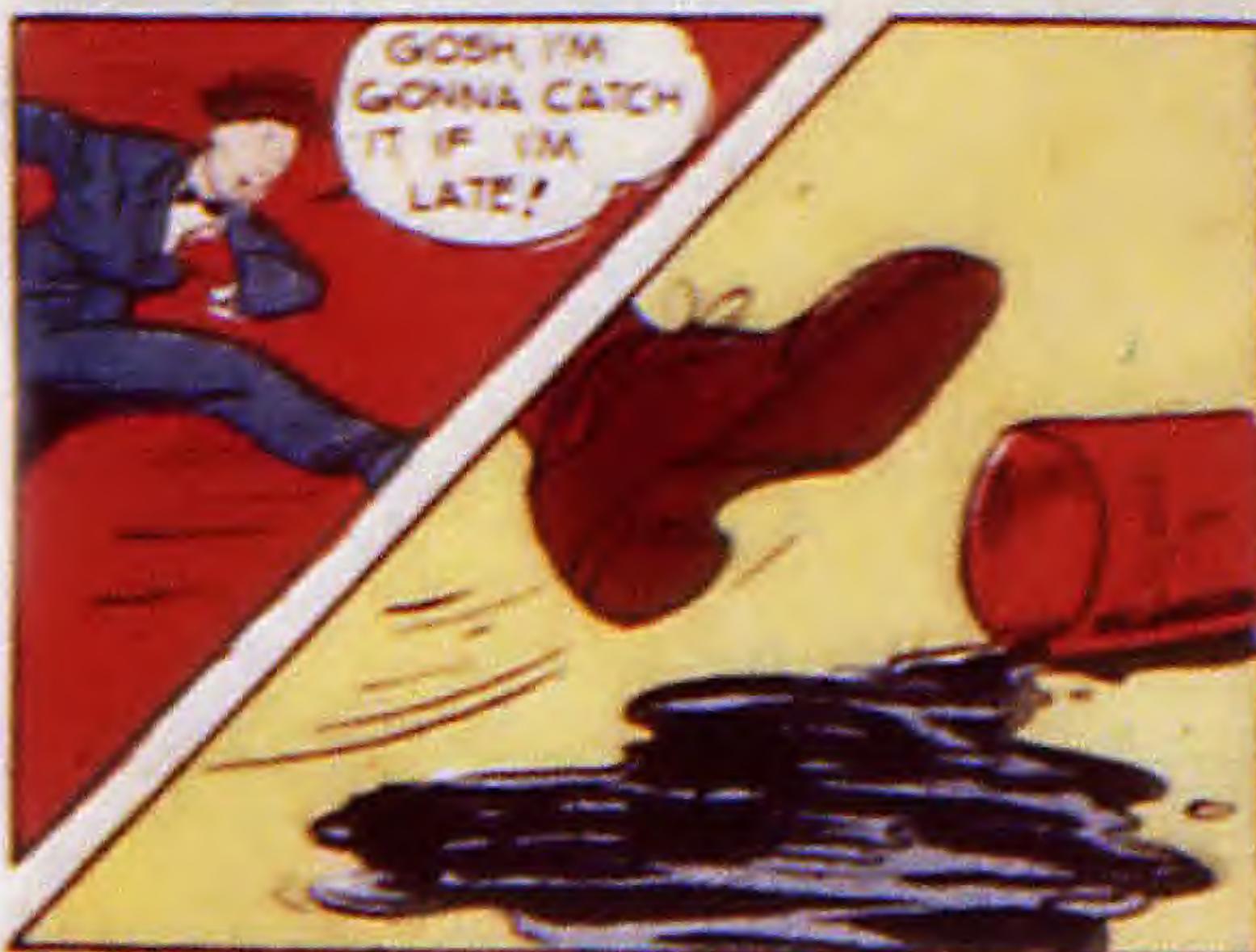
YEAH, ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS GET THE GUY IN A CAR... THEN WE DO THE REST. WITHOUT HIM HALE AINT GOT A CHANCE...NOT WITH 'SMOKEY' COLE PLAYING FOR THE ARMY!

AT
HALE



SUMMER 1941... THE HALE FOOTBALL SQUAD GATHERED TOGETHER FOR SUMMER PRACTICE IS TO PLAY A PICKED SQUAD FROM THE NEARBY ARMY CAMP. TWO CITY GAMBLERS HAVE BET HEAVILY ON THE ARMY TEAM, AND ARE NOW TRYING TO BE SURE OF THEIR BETS....





THE GAME STARTS...



A SIX YARD GAIN FOR SMOKEY COLE! HALE IS FEELING THE ABSENCE OF DASH DILLON VERY, VERY MUCH... THERE HE GOES... SMOKEY COLE AGAIN.. AND HITS OVER FOR A TOUCHDOWN!



NOW LOOK JUST FORGET ALL ABOUT DASH DILLON! DON'T EVEN THINK OF HIM! JUST GET IN NEXT HALF AND LET GO!



FIVE MINUTES LEFT TO PLAY AND THE SCORE IS STILL SEVEN TO NOTHING IN FAVOR OF THE ARMY BOYS... THERE GOES A PASS... WILSON OF HALE HAS CAUGHT IT, AND HE'S OFF FOR...



"A TOUCHDOWN! BUT WAIT, SMOKEY COLE WAS HURT ON THAT PLAY! THE SCORE IS NOW SEVEN TO SIX IN FAVOR OF THE VISITORS!"



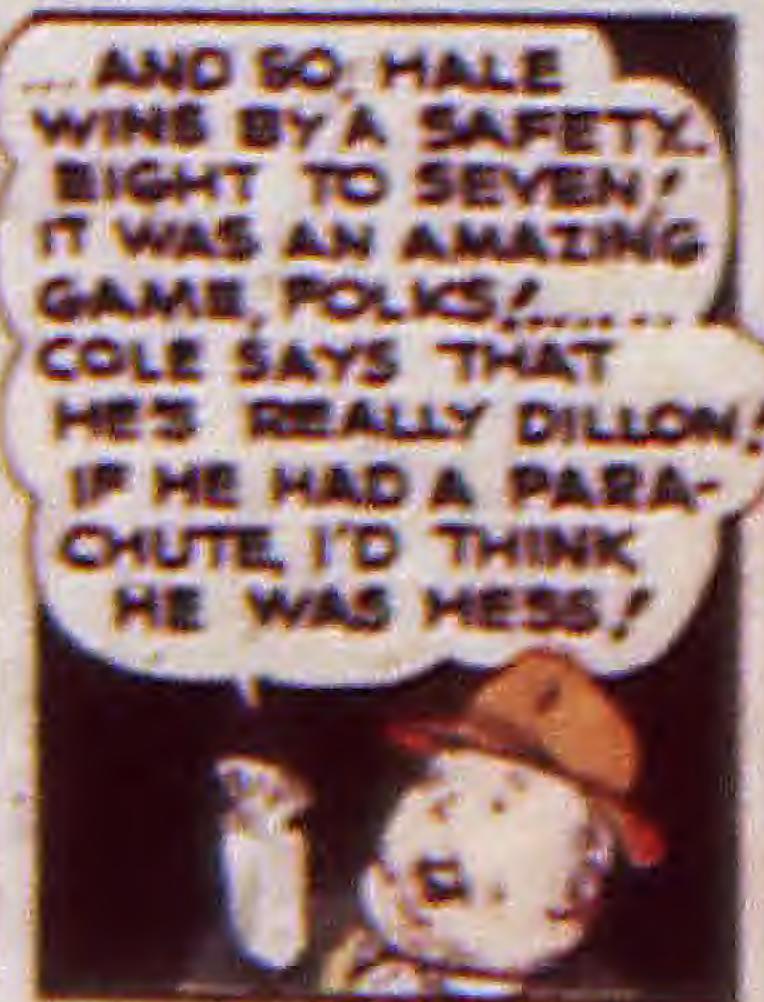
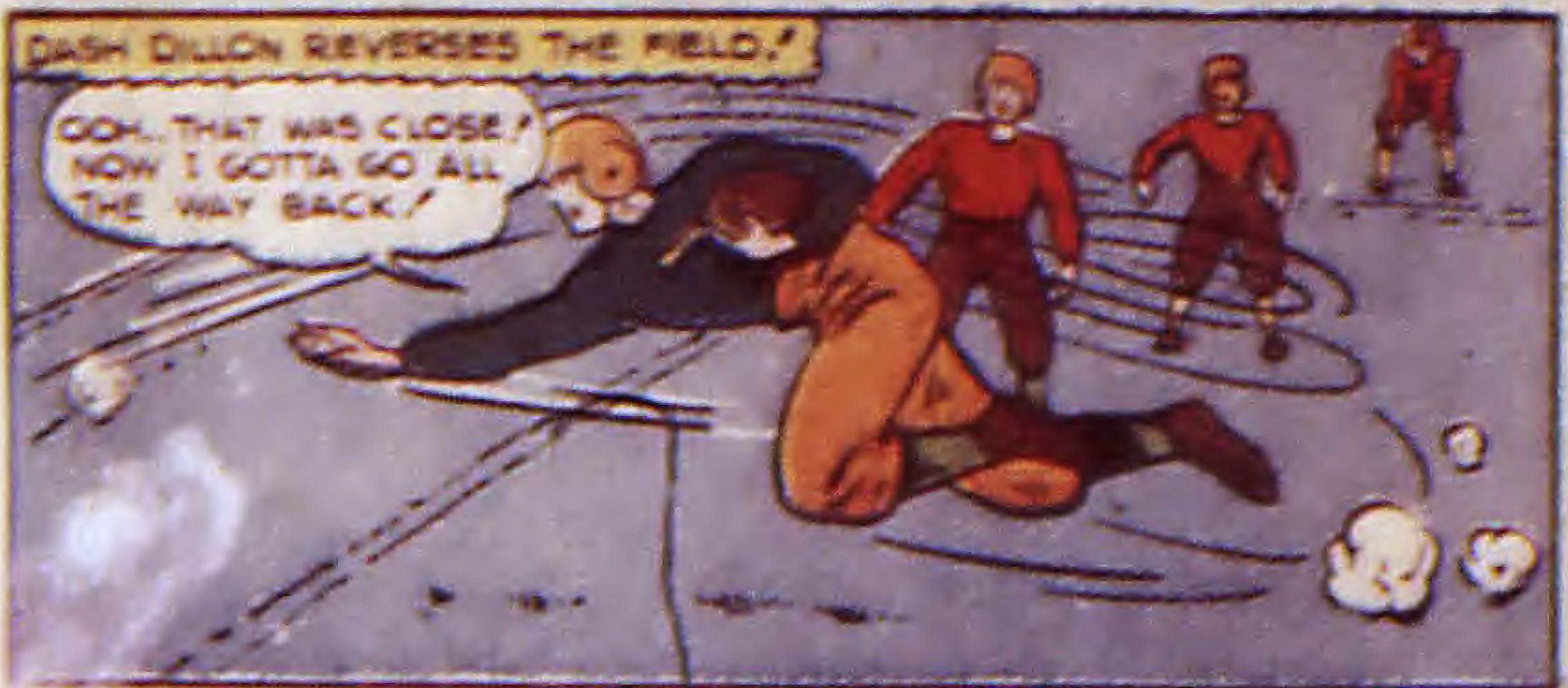
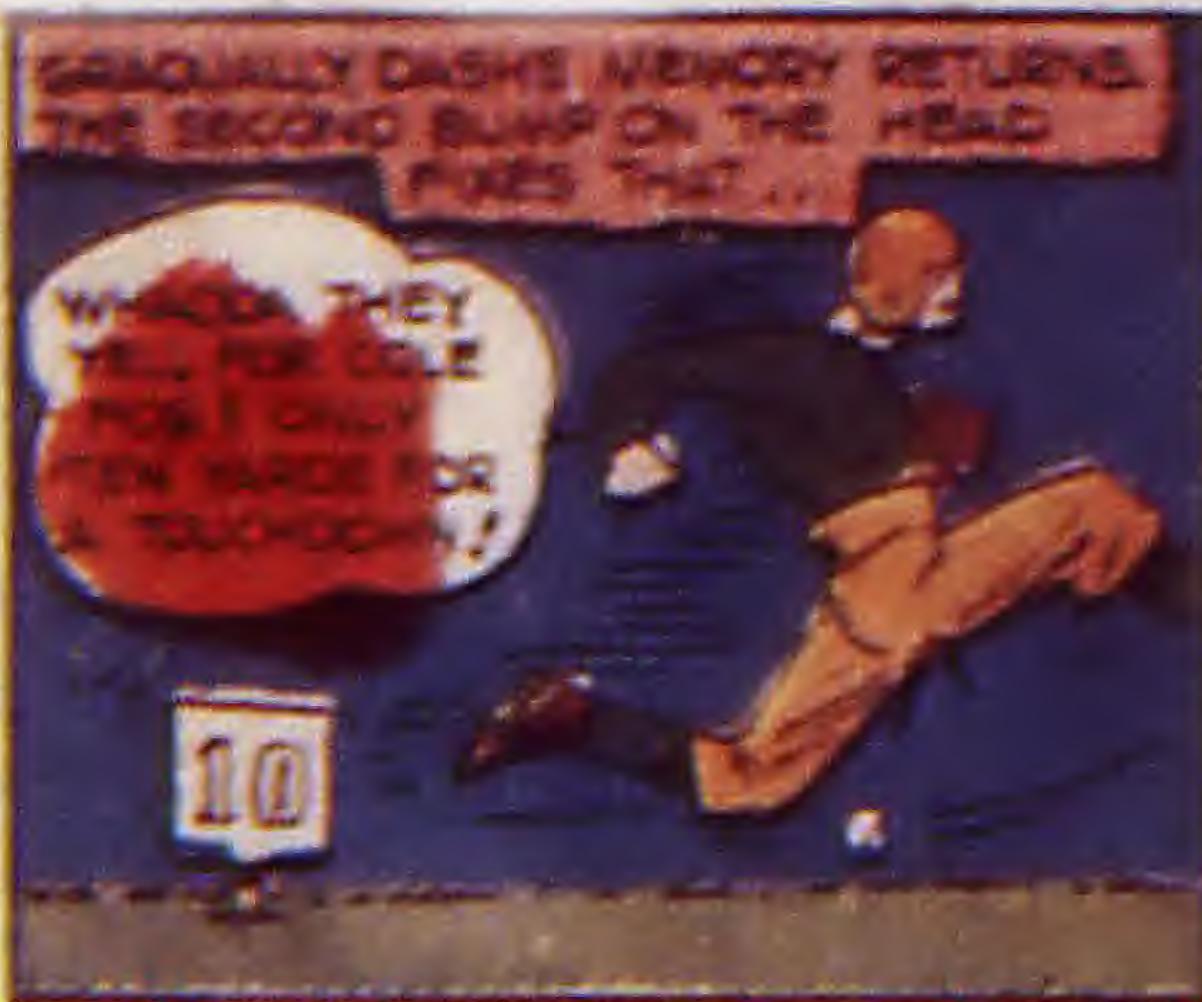
WHAT YA TRYING TO? COLE'S PLAYIN' NOW! THINK WE'RE NUTS?



PAIRED TO CONVERT SO IT'S STILL SEVEN TO SIX AND TWO MINUTES TO PLAY! COLE HAS RECOVERED NOW BUT LOOKS A LITTLE MOODY!



LOOK, SMOKEY'S LOOSE AGAIN! ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN! YEAH... SMOKEY!



HURRY!

SILVER STREAK COMICS



ALL THESE
LEADING
FEATURES

1. SILVER STREAK
2. DAREDEVIL
3. CAPTAIN BATTLE
4. THUN-DOR
5. PRESTO MARTIN
6. CLOUD CURTIS
7. DICKIE DEAN
8. PIRATE PRINCE
AND OTHERS

EXCITEMENT
PATRIOTISM
ADVENTURE
SUSPENSE
MYSTERY
DARING
THRILLS

BE SURE TO GET SILVER STREAK
TODAY! DAREDEVIL
ALSO APPEARS IN
SILVER STREAK
COMICS

